

DIVINE *James Everett.*  
**POEMS,**  
CONTAINING  
JONAH,  
ESTER,  
JOB,  
SAMPSON.  
The History of {

Together with  
SONS } SONETS.  
{ ELEGIES.

Written, and newly augmented.

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By *Fra. Quarles.*

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LONDON,

Printed by *E. M.* for *Samuel Lownes*,  
and are to be sold at his Shop, over  
against *Exeter-House* in the  
*Strand.* 1664.



DIVINE POEMES  
Revised, and Corrected with Additions  
By the Author Fra: Quarles  
A Moseley,

London: Printed for Samuel Lowndes at his Shop over  
the Pater Noster house in the Strand. 1660.

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QIDA



*The Mind of the Frontispiece.*

This naked Pourtrainture before thine Eye,  
Is Wretched, Helplesse M A N, M A N born to Dye :  
On either side an A N G E L doth protect him,  
As well from E V I L L, as to G o o d direct him :  
Th' one points to Death, the other to a Crown ;  
Who T H I S attains, must tread the Other down :  
All which denotes the Brief of Mans estate,  
That H E S to go from Hence, by T H I S, to T H A T.



TO THE  
SACRED MAJESTY  
OF  
KING CHARLES.

SIR,

Hen your Landed Subject  
dyes, and leaves none of his  
Blood to inherit, the Laws  
of thus your Kingdom finds  
the King Heir: In this Vo-  
lume are contained several Poems, late-  
ly dedicated to divers of your Nobility,  
whom they have out-lived; So that the  
Muses ( who seldom or never give ho-  
nour for lives ) have found them all for  
the King, which I have here gathered  
together, and prostrated before the feet

## *The Epistle Dedicatory.*

of your Sacred Majesty. Indeed one  
of them I formerly dedicated, and pre-  
sented to your self: So that now they  
are become doubly yours, both by Es-  
cheat, and as Survivor. And if you  
please to own me as your Servant, your  
Majesty hath another Title good, by  
which I most desire they should be  
known yours: I will not sin against the  
common good, so much as to expect  
your Majesties serious Eye upon them:  
If when your Crown shall be most fa-  
vourable to your Princely brows, you  
please to afford a gracious hearing, they  
will with the help of some benevolent  
Reader, and your Royal acceptance (I  
hope) relish in your sacred ears, and re-  
ceive honour from your accustomed  
goodness, far above their merits, or the  
expectation of

*Your true-hearted, and  
and loyal Liegeman,*  
**F.R.A. QUARLES.**

THE  
WORMES  
SONG  
OF  
MERCY

## To the READER.

I List not to tire thy patient Ears  
with unnecessary Language,  
(the abuse of Complement) My  
mouth's no Dictionary: it onely  
serves as the needful Interpreter of  
my Heart.

I have sent thee the first fruits of  
an abortive Birth. It is a dainty  
Subject, not Fabulous, but Truth  
it self.

Wonder not at the Title, (A Feast  
for Wormes:) for it is a Song of  
Mercy: What greater Feast than  
Mercy? And what are Men but  
Wormes?

# To the Reader.

Moreover, I have gleaned some  
few Meditations, obvious to the  
History; Let me advise thee to keep  
the Taste of the one, whilst thou  
readest the other, and that will make  
thee relish both the better.

Understanding Reader, favour  
me: Gently expound, what it is too  
late to correct,

He leva le Golpe, Díos sea con  
ella.

Farewell,

THE

## The PROPOSITION of this first Work.

**T**is not the Record of great Hectors glory,  
Whose matchless Valour makes the World a Story ;  
Nor yet the swelling of that Romans hume,  
That only Came, and Look'd, and Overcame ;  
Nor One, nor All of those brave Worthies nine,  
(whose Might was great, and All of them divine,  
That liv'd like gods, but dy'd like Men, and gone)  
Shall give my Pen a task to treat upon :  
I sing the praises of the K E N G of Kings,  
Out of whose mouth at two-edg'd Smiter springs,  
Whose Words are Mystery, whose Works are Wonder,  
whose Eys are lightning and whose Voice is Thunder ;  
Who like a Curtain spreads the Heavens o'er,  
Spangled with Starts, in glory round about ;  
'Tis He that cleft the furious waves in twain,  
Making a Highway paſſage through the Main :  
'Tis He that turn'd the waters into Blood,  
And smote the Rocky stone, and cans'd a Flood ;  
'Tis He, that's justly arm'd in his Ice,  
Behind with Plagues, before with flaming fire ;  
More bright than mid-day Phœbus are his Eyes,  
And whosoever sees his Visage, dyes.

I sing the Praiſes of Great Judahs Lyon,  
The fragrant Flower of Jesse, the Lamb of Sion ;  
Whose Head is whiter than the driven Snow,  
whose Visage doth like flames of Fire glow ;  
His Loynes begirt with golden Belt, his Eyes  
Like Tuare, riding in his Southern Shining.

His Feet like burning Brass, and as the noise  
Of surgy Neptunes roaring is his Voice,  
This is that Paschal Lamb, whose dearest blood  
Is sovereign Drink, whose Flesh is saving Food ;  
His precious Blood, the Worthys of the Earth  
Did drink, which (though but born of mortal birth)  
Return'd them Deities : For who drinks This,  
Shall be receiv'd into Eternal bliss ;  
Himself's the Gift, which He himself did give,  
His Stripes heal us, and by His death we live ;  
He acting God and Man, in double Nature,  
Did reconcile Mankind, and Mans Creator.  
I, here's a Task indeed ; if Mortals could  
Not make a verse, yet Rocks and Mountains would ;  
The Hills shall dance, the Sun shall stop his Course,  
Hearing the Subject of this high Discourse :  
The Horse and Gryphin shall together sleep,  
The Wolf shall fawn upon the silly Sheep,  
The crafty Serpent, and the fearfull Hart,  
Shall joyn in Consort, and each bear a part,  
And leap for joy, when my Urania sings,  
She sings the praises of the King of Kings.

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THE

# The Introduction.

That Ancient Kingdom, that old *Assyria* way'd,  
Shew'd two great Cities: Ah! but both decay'd:  
Both mighty Great, but of unequal growth;  
Both great in People, and in Building, both;  
But ah! What hold is there of earthly good?  
Now grass grows there, where these brave Cities stood.

The name of one great Babylon was light,  
Through which the rich Euphrates takes her flight  
From high Armenia to the ruddy Seas,  
And stores the Land with rich Commodities.

The other *Ninus*, Ninivich the Great;  
So huge a' Fabrick, and well-chosen Seat,  
Don Phœbus fiery Steeds (with Mains becurl'd,  
That circundates in twice twelve hours the world);  
Ne'r saw the like! By great King *Ninus* hand,  
'Twas rais'd and builded in th' *Affynians* Land.  
On one hand, Lycus wash'd her fruitful sides,  
On t'other, Tygris with her hasty Tides,  
Begirt she was with walls of wondrous might,  
Creeping twice fifty foot in measur'd height,  
Upon their bredth (if ought we may rely  
On the report of Sage Antiquity)  
Three Chariots fairly might themselves display,  
And rank together in a Battel ray:  
The circuit that her mighty Bulk imbraces,  
Contains the mite of sixty thousand paces:  
Within her well fenc'd walls you might discover  
Five hundred stately Toweres, thrice told over;  
Whereof the highest draweth up the eye;  
As well the low'st, an hundred Cubits hie;

## The Introduction.

Allrich in those things which to state balanc,  
For beauty brave, and for munition strong,  
Duly, and daily this great Work was rendered,  
With ten thousand Workmen, & a thousand ended  
In eight years space : How beautiful ! how fair  
Thy Buildings ! And how foul thy Voices are !

Thou Land of Assur, double then thy pride,  
And let thy Wells of Joy be never dry'd,  
Thou hast a Palace, that's renown'd so much,  
The like was never, is, nor will be such.

Thou Land of Assur, treble then thy ~~Woe~~,  
And let thy Tears (as thy Cups) o'flow ;  
For this thy Palace of so great renown,  
Shall be destroy'd, and fackt, and batter'd down.

But cheer up, Nineveh, shine inbred might,  
Hath means enough to quell thy Fo-mans spire ;  
Thy Bulwarks are like Mountains, and thy Wall  
Dildains to stoop to thundring Granance call ;  
Thy wachfull Towers mounted round about,  
Keep thee in safety, and thy Fo-men out ;  
I, but thy Bulwarks aid cannot withstand,  
The direful stroake of the Almightyes hand ;  
Thy wafer-walls at dead Jebovahs blast  
Shall quake, and quiver, and shall down be cast ;  
Thy warchful Towers shall asleep be found,  
And nod their drowsie heads down to the ground :  
Why Bulwarks are not Vengeance-proof ; thy Wall  
Then Justice brandisheth her Sword, must fall ;  
Thy lofty Towers shall be dumb and yield  
To high Revenge ; Revenge must win the field ;  
Vengeance crys loud from heaven, she cannot stay  
Her Fury, but (impatient of delay)  
Hath brimm'd her Vials full of deadly Bane ;  
Thy Palace shall be burnt, thy People slain ;  
Thy Heart is hard as Flint, and swoln with pride,  
Thy mouth'rous Hands with guiles sic blood are dy'd ;

Thy

## The Introduction.

Thy silly Babes do starve for want of bread,  
Whose tender Mothers thou hast drencht in blood,  
Women with child, lie in the streets alone,  
Whose Brains thy savage hands have dashed out,  
Distressed Widows weep, (but weep in vain)  
For their dear Husbands, whom thy hands have slain,  
By one man's Force, another man's devow'r,  
Thy Wives are ravish'd, And thy Maides deflow'r'd,  
Where Justice should, there Tort and Cruelty are plac'd,  
Thy Altars defil'd and holy things defac't,  
Thy Lips have tasted of proud Babell's Cup,  
What thou hast left, thy Children have drunk up,  
Thy bloody sinnes, thine Abel's guiltless blood,  
Cryes up to heaven for vengeance, cryes aloud,  
Thy sinnes are stirr'd, and ready for the gro.  
Here rouse, my Muse, and for a space, respire.

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To

. . . . .

TO THE MOST HIGH:

HIS HUMBLE SERVANT

IMPLEOES HIS FAVOU-

rable Assistance.

**O** All-sufficient GOD, great LORD of Light,  
Without whose gracious aide, and constancy  
No labours prosper, (howsoe'er begun) (spirit,  
But rise like Mists before the morning Sunne:  
O raise my thoughts, and clear my Apprehension,  
Infuse thy Spirit into my weak invention:  
Reflect thy Beams upon my feeble Eyes,  
Shew me the Mirrour of thy Mysteries;  
My Art-less Hand, my bumble Heart inspire,  
Inflame my frozen tongue with holy fire:  
Ravish my stupid Senses with thy Glory;  
Sweeten my Lips with sacred Oratory: (Quib.  
And thou ( O FIRST and LAST ) assist my  
That first and last I may perform thy will:  
My sole intent's to blazon forth thy Praise;  
My ruder Pen expects no crown of Bayes.  
Suffice it then, Thine Altar I have kist:  
Crown me with Glory; Take the Bayes that list.

A  
FEAST  
FOR  
Wormes.

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By *Fra: Quarles.*

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LONDON,

Printed by *Edw. Morterbed* in  
the Year. 1664.





# Feast for WORMES

## THE ARGUMENT

The Word of God to Jonah came  
Commanded Jonah to proclaim  
The vengeance of his Majesty  
Against the sins of Nineveh.

See

**T**HE Eternal Word of God, whose high Estate  
Administers change, and cannot stand still,  
Carried down to Jonah from the heavens above,  
Came down to Jonah, Heaven and earth did move,  
Jonah, the flower of old Nineveh in youth;  
Jonah, the Prophet, Son, and Heir to Truth;  
The blessed Type of him that ransom'd us; *Isaiah 53:10*  
That Word came to him, and bespake him thus:

"Arise; truss up thy loins, make all things ready;  
And put thy sandals on thy hasty feet;  
Gird up thy reins, and take thy staff in hand,  
Make no delay, but go where I command;  
Me pleases not to send thee (Jonah) down  
To scum Corinth; Ephesus thy dear native Town;  
Whose tender paps will plucke you all down,  
Nor yet unto thy brethren shall thou be sent;

## A Draft for Warhess.

" Amongst the Hebrews, where thy Spredder fame  
Is greatest, and where all thine honour dwelleth,

" No, it is not Israel thou diest : Mr. arise,

" And go to Ninivch, where no Allies,

" Nor consanguinity preser'veth by blood,

" To Ninivch, where strangers are withblood :

" To Ninivch a City far remov'd. 101 Draft

" From thine acquaintance, where th' art not below'd :

" I send thee to Mount Sinai, not Mount Sion,

" Not to a gentle Lamb, but to a Lion, T

" Not yet to Lydia, but to bloody Pashur,

" Not to the Land of Canaan, but of Albion,

" Whose language will be riddle to thine ear,

" And thine agnes will be as strange to theirs :

" I say to Ninivch, the world's great Hall,

" The Monarchs seat, high Court Imperial.

" But terrible Mount Sinai will affright thee,

" And Pashur's heavy hand is bent to smite thee :

" The Lions roar ; the people's strong and stout,

" The Bishwicks stand afront to keep thee hit,

" Great Arthur menaces with whip an hand,

" To meet him this (welcome) to his Land.

" What then ? wife, be gone ; say not so much,

" Bad is the thumb, that will in meeting shrift,

" What then, if cruel Pashur bear on stabs ?

" Or Sinai blast thee with her sulph'ron smoke ?

" Or Mount whip thee ? or the Lions rent thee ?

" Pish, on with a courage ; I the Lord have sent thee :

" Away, away, lay by thy foolish pity,

" And go to Ninivch, that mighty City,

" Cry loud against it, let thy dreadful voice

" Make all the City echo with the noise,

" Not like a Dove, but like a Dragon,

" Pronounce my judgment, and damnation,

" Make me thy bane a furnace full of coals,

" The sweep is fiercer for her fire. Thus endeth

*A. 1611. fol. 10v.*

" Shall blot such thing, with my hand,  
" Toine eyt fould foun, with me to stand,  
" Spend me in private thos thy rebuke and curse,  
" But here, and heare, O'leau, with me ther lye,  
" Make heaven and earth rebound, when we do thence,  
" Plead not (like David) I burthen (like Esau),  
" Nor let the beauty of this lande, which you have  
" Let none be terror of the shewman from this thence,  
" Let no man briabist figh, (as to all men before her),  
" Nor soul meane force more, nor his figh more worthy,  
" Ram up thine eays: This heart of thine shall be  
" Be deaf to them, as they are deaf to me, (on 160x),  
" Go, cry against it. If they will then, why? smite! A  
" Say, Heavens great Lord commandeth this to thyng, (on 160x),  
" My Altars craue do smode; their dayes shall be scorched  
" Are quenched; and wher prayers shalld bera for offenes,  
" The farringe of their forswearing fift,  
" On coals of raging lust, and upward flier,  
" And makes me figh: I bear the mortisful groans,  
" And heavy sydes of such, whose aking bones  
" Tb' Oppressor grindes: Alas their misfaynes, (on 160x),  
" Their playnes, profar'd with tears, plaine bane before,  
" Behold, my sinnes, they haue opprest, and still do,  
" And dashid their hands within their bane, (on 160x),  
" The stream of guilelesse blood makes fuit unto me,  
" The voice of many bloods is mounted to me;  
" The vile profaner of my sacred names,  
" He tears my titles, and my honour minis,  
" Makes Rhostick of an orch, fruites and styrments,  
" Recks not my mayry, nor my judgements flares,  
" They eat, they drinke, they sleep, they thinke ther lye,  
" In wanton dallances, and vileness delight,  
" Howeves wylled herred sonnes us endes,  
" To mighty Niniveh, where by my loue,  
" A louer in vaine, and nowe am I at home,  
" And still, not Cōfesse, (on 160x) and quench it.

The Author's APOLOGY.

To the Number, and with louder Number  
To make my voices swelling, and their voices small;

The Author's APOLOGY.

**T**was my morning Music ; A Music whose spirit  
Transcends (I fear) the softness of her merit ;  
Too bold a Music, whose feathers (yet in blood)  
She never bath'd in the Pyrenean Flood ;  
A Music unbreath'd, unlikely to strain  
An easie harbur, by so stouter Train ;  
Expect no lofty Haggard, that shall flicker o'er flesh ;  
A lulling pitch, to the deceived eye,  
If in her Downy Soughes, she but ruffle  
So strong a Dove, may it be thought enough ;  
Bear with her ; Time and Fortune may require  
Your patient suffiance, with a fairer flight.

The general Application.

**T**o thee (Maffeo) now I turn my Quill ;  
Thou God it still that God, and will be still,  
The painful Pastors take up Zorab's room,  
And thou the Ninivite, to whom they come.

Meditat. I.

**H**ow great's the love of God unto his creature ?  
Or is his Wisdom, or his Mercy greater ?  
I know not whether : O zh' exceeding love,  
Of highest God, that from his Throne above  
Will send the brightness of his grace to those  
That grope in darkness, and his grace oppose :  
He helps, provides, inspires, and freely gives,  
As pleas'd to set us rauyl our lives ;

## A Feast for Wormes

He gives n̄ from the hand, he uses n̄ from the brain,  
Nor dealing like Men, / catch his time to begin.  
But daily sends the Doctor of his Soul,  
(With such like oyl as from the Wiles of Cupid)  
Did issue forth, / in fulness without warning,  
Where plenty still was had, yet plenty left behind.  
I, there is care in heaven, and heavenly labour,  
That guides the world, and guards poor man in woe.  
There is; else were the miserable state  
Of man more wretched and unfortunate  
Than savage beasts: But O th' abounding love,  
Of highest God! whose Angels from above  
Dismount the Tower of Bliss, fly so and fro,  
Assisting wretched man, their deadly foe.

What thing is man, that Gods regard is sooth?  
Or, why should heaven love wretched man so much?  
Why? what are men, but quickned lumps of earth?  
*A Feast for Wormes:* a bubble full of breath;  
A looking-glass for grief; a flah, a minute;  
A painted Tomb, with puniefaction in it;  
A map of death; A burthen of a song;  
A winters dust; a worm of five foot long;  
Begot in sin; in darknes nourisht; born  
In sorrow; naked; shiftless and forlorn;  
His first voice (heard) is crying for relief;  
Alas! He comes into a world of grief;  
His Age is fifties, and his Youth is vain,  
His life's a punishment; his Death's a pain;  
His life's an hour of Joy, a world of sorrow;  
His death's a winters night, that finds no morn;  
Man's life's an Hour-glass, which being run,  
Includes that hour of joy; and so is done.

I must go, nor is this charge confined  
To me, but to all the world enoyed;  
Magnificence, artise, and raledeight,  
Justice, and basitallit.

## A Tragedy for Intermission.

In the mean time, the Merchant of Venice  
had sent his money with your Merchant of Italy,  
and you have made me make out your Fictitious Laws,  
A criminal again; Let Justice rule the world,  
Tradesmen, artizans, and gild your thriving shops,  
With truey hands, and set your crest with drops;  
Paul to day Train, and Peter to day Net,  
And all must go about some which God hath set.

Great God awake us in those dreasy times,  
Lest vengeance find us sleeping in our Crimes;  
Increase succession in thy Prophets like us,  
For lo, thy Maternal's great, and workman full.

## THE AGREEMENT.

BY Joseph Edward Thackeray,

Author of "The Young Doctor's Progress,"

The Merchant's Joy express'd,  
while Jonah leaves and takes his rest.

But Jonah thus besongeth; The City! The  
and mightie Aslur bands which deadlie fight,  
Their banners are brandy, that they cannot tell  
will greate and horrour when to up and stirre up,  
Swaying in the charge; Shall I go to a place  
strange and forlorn? Are we the men the  
That righteousnesse will not let us goe off  
wiles kissances, and Graniles of refection  
How might I hope to warre? Should there succor come  
which thrice my master the Fleete I didly found?  
I know my God is truth, and friend  
To under men, as he abhors the world.

## A Draft for Jonath.

Upon the last remonstrance : Then said he,  
Be deem'd as false, and shame not thyself, the world will

O heavy burthen of a doubtful mind !  
Where shall I go, or which way shall I mind ?  
My heart, like Jacob, looketh to and fro :  
My Credit bids me, Stay ; my Good bids, Go :  
If Go, my labour's lost, my shame's at hand :  
If stay, Lord ! I transgresse my Lards command :  
If go, from bad to worse, so worse I fall :  
If stay, I slide from bad, to worse of all :  
My Good bids go, my Credit bids me stay :  
My guilty fear bids fly another way.

So Jonath straight arose, himselfe delighted  
With fit apparelments for hasty flight :  
Instead of stafes, he took a Shipman's weel :  
Instead of going, lo, he flies with speed.

Like as a Hawk (that over-much with stryke)  
Doing sad punishment for th' unequal fight,  
( A sw'ring the Falkens fownd down ) does flow  
From fayre stonye caile to foul, and when a tree is  
So Jonath baulks the piau where he into sume  
( To Minivsch ) and down to Jaffa went :  
He sought, enquired, and at last, his friend  
A welkinnt Ship, that was to Tharsus bound,  
Where he may flee the presence of the Lord :  
He makes no stay, but straightway goes aboard :  
His hasty pace for banishing bids no halting :  
( Where sin delights, there's no rest )  
Nor did he know nor tol, how neare he come  
He says : They took : all parties quelled me  
/ How the fields of our coft, and paine, are won  
Great God of heaven, and earth, we flie to thee :  
How have the Suyors druk their swerd, and  
They go abroad, the Suyors are bound : and

The Anchor's weight'd; the Keel begins to obey;  
Her gentle Rudder, leaves her quiet Key,  
Divides the streams, and without wind or Oar,  
She easily glides along the moving shore;  
Her swelling' Canvas gives her nimbler motion,  
Sh' out-strips the Tide, and carries her to the Ocean:  
Forth to the deep the launches, and the brave  
The powder Billows, rides upon the Waves:  
She plays that course her' Compass hath enjoynd her;  
And soon hath left the belated Land beh'nd her;  
By this, the breath of heaven began to cease;  
Calm were the Seas, the Waves were all at peace;  
The flagging Main layl flap against her Yards,  
The useleſs' Compass, and the idle Card  
Were both negleſed; Upon every side  
The gameſome Peripoliſt nimbled on the Tides  
Like as a Maltiff, when reſtrain'd a whil';  
Is made more furious, and more apt for spoils  
Or which the breath of man being bor'd the course  
At length bycal'd forth with a far greater force  
Even in the milder beach of heaven, at last  
Let's flie more fiercer and blow a stronger hand;  
All on a ſudden darkned was the Skie  
With gloomy clouds, the vens mobe refugent eye  
Was all obſcur'd; The air grew damp and cold;  
And flying-mouſt'd Devils could no longer hold  
or loose his uncontrolled breathm  
Whoflame, like the vens nothing under death  
The Rudder fails; and Ship's arond me driving  
Tis evrym objec. won, but Sea and heauen;  
The Welkin thund'ring, and rages more and more;  
The rain poures down; the Hatches begin to rear  
Another world; O! like the mafy Globes in ſunder,  
From which the vials above, to thofe lie under;  
The Ptole's fruits, know i not what vndr's and vndr  
Plus ari capte d; in ſuch a mixt of vndr & vndr

## A Puff for Neptune

Faces grow sad: Prayer still  
Each one's become an Olive branch,  
The winds above the water, under,  
Joyn in rebellion, and confine the earth.  
The Seafarers courage now is gone to sleep,  
Some ply the Pump, whilst others lay the keel,  
Their hands are busie; while their hearts are dead,  
Their fears and dangers move their thoughts.  
They pray'd, but winds did snatch their words,  
And lets their pray'r not go so whence they sent,  
But still they pray, but still the wind and weather  
Do turn both ship and pray'r: they know not whither,  
Their gods were deaf, their dangers were all greater,  
They cast their warts ours, and yet ne'r the better:  
But all this while was ~~you~~ all drown'd in sleep,  
And in the lower deck was buried deep.

## Meditation 2.

But stay: this was a strange and unsearchable word,  
Did Jacob fly the presence of the Lord? & if he did,  
What mister word is that? He that tempts us in the day,  
The mighty Universes, whose lofty seat,  
Th' imperial heaven, whose foot-stool is the earth,  
Of massive earth? Can he from any place  
Be barr'd? or yet by any means excluded?  
That is in all things? (and not yet included) &  
Could Jacob find a resting any where  
So void, or secret, that God was not there?  
I stand amazed, and frightened at this world,  
Did Jacob fly the presence of the Lord?  
Mount up to heaven, and there thou shall discourse  
The exc'lent glory of his Kingly power,  
Beside the earth beneath (with wonder) how  
And thither bears the Olive branch of Gethsemane.

Dive down through unnum'ry Abysses of Hell, woe 250 A  
And there in judgment stand : Alas ! they dwell, congl. 250  
What secret Cloister could there then afford, DIAW or I  
A screen 'twixt faithless grace, and his Lord. 4

Grace was charg'd to take a charge in hand ;  
But Yonah turn'd his back on Gods command ;  
Shook off his yoke, and wilfully neglected,  
And when was strictly charg'd he quite rejected :  
And so he left the power of his Word ;  
And so he fled the presence of the Lord.

Good God ! how poor a thing is wretched man ?  
So frail, that let him strive the best he can,  
With every little blast he's overdone : p. 250. 100  
If mighty Cedars of great Lebanon,  
Cannot the danger of the Axe withstand,  
Lord ! how shall we, that are but bushes, stand ?  
How fond, corrupt, how sensisse is mankind ?  
How training deaf is he ? how wilfull blind ?  
He stops his ears, and sins ; he Gaues his eyz,  
And (blindfold) in the lap of danger flies :  
He sins, despizt ; and then constreynghis self,  
He chuseth death, to baulk the God of life.

Poor wretched sinner, travel where thou will,  
Thy travel shall be burthen'd with thy guile ;  
Climb tops of hills, that prospects may delight thee,  
There will thy sin (like wolves and bears) alight thee. 100  
Fly to the valleys, that those frights may daunthee,  
And there (like Mountains) they will fall upon thee ;  
Or to the raging seas (with Janah) go ;  
There will thy sin like stormy Neptune blow. 150  
Poor thifkeless soul : what shall become of thee ?  
Whate'er thou do'st by'th, thy grivine sin will flou.

But all this while, the ship where Janah sleeps,  
Is rotted, and torn, and hauis'd on the deeps,  
And well-nigh (like upon the threatening Rock,  
With many a thunderous boane) and shoully knock.

## A FEAST FOR WORMS.

-11-

God help all desp'rate wretches and knaves,  
All such as feel thy wonder-working power.

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### THE ARGUMENT.

The Pilot shuns no Jonah's breath,  
And removes Jonah from his rest;  
They all cast lots, (being sore affrighted)  
The sacred lots on Jonah lighted.

---

### SCH. 3.

**T**He amazed Pilot finding no success,  
(But that the storm grew rather more than less,  
For all their toilsome pains, and needless prayers,  
Despairing both of life and goods,) repains  
To Jonah's drowsy Cabin; mainly calling,  
Calls, Jonah, Jonah; and yet louder yells;  
Yet Jonah sleeps, and gives a shrug, or two,  
And snoars, (as greedy sleepers use to do.)  
The woful Pilot jogs him, (but in vain.)  
( Perchance he dreams an idle word, or twain;)  
At length he tugs and pulls his heavy comrade,  
And thunders on his breast with all his force,  
But (after many yeawns) he did awake him,  
And (being both affrighted) thus beseems him:

"Arise, O Sleeper, O wrist, and see,  
There's not a noisy thred 'twixt death and thee;  
This darksome place (thou didst not like) is thy bower,  
And sudden Death ride, from the world away,  
Arise, O Sleeper, O wrist, and see,  
Perhaps thy God will have some pity on thee,  
Repair the lassies that are ill, and make

A FEST FOR WORMS.

¶ Perchance thy God's more pow'ful than ours,  
Or Heavens hand may chafe, and brue compassion on us,  
¶ And turn away this mischief it bath done us.

The sturdy Saylers (weary of their pain)  
Finding their boodeless labour lost, and vain,  
Forbear their toilome task, and wrought no more,  
Expecting death, for which they lookt before ;  
They call a parley, and consult together,  
They count their sins, (accusing one another)-  
None for his sin, or his, this ill was wrought ;  
In this way all prove guilty of the fault :  
But yet the question was not ended so :  
One says, "Twas thine offence ; but he says, No,  
But twas for thy sake, that accuses me ;  
Tis set forth a third (the worser of the three),  
And swore it was another, which (he bearing),  
Deny'd it flat, and said, "Twas thine, for swearing :  
In came a fift, accusing all ; (replying  
But little else) they all chid him for lying ;  
One said it was, another said, "Twas not,  
So all agreed, to stint the strife by Lot :  
Then all was whilst, and all to prayer went ;  
(For such a busynesse a fit complement,)  
The Lot was cast ; 't pleased God by-Lots to tell,  
The Lot was cast ; the Lot on Iacob fell.

Meditation 3.

**O** Sacred Subject of a Meditation !  
The Works (O Lord) are full of Admiration ;  
Thy judgments are all just, severe, and large,  
They quite cut off, or else, by lancin, cure  
The felting sorb of a rebellious heart,  
And foul infection taint the immortal part.

# A Feast for Fools.

11

How deep a Lethe's dash this did! How quickly  
Bring to the slumbering soul, through candle-light,  
Which once being wak'd (as from a golden dream)  
Looks up and seeth her with the more wonder,  
How seeming sweet's the quiet sleep of sin,  
Which when a wretched man's once nuzzled in,  
How soundly sleeps he, without fear or pain,  
No sooner doth it arms infolded knitt  
A dropty-knot upon his candless breft.  
But there he snorts, and snarls in candless gall.  
His eys are closed fast, and deaf his ears,  
And like ~~theymen~~, sleeps himself in yeare,  
His sense-bound heart relents nor at the voice  
Of gentle warning, neither does the noise  
Of strong reproof awake his sleeping eys,  
Nor louder threatening thunder makes him hear,  
So deaf's the sinners ear, so numb'd his sense,  
That sin's no corrosive, breeds no offence;  
For custome brings delight, deludes the heart,  
Beguiles the sense, and takes away the smart.

But stay; Did one of Gods elect'd number,  
(Whose eys shold never sleep, nor eye-lids slumber)  
So much forget himself? Did ~~Sam~~ sleep,  
That should be watchful, and the Towerkeep?  
Did ~~Zorab~~ (the selected mouth of God),  
Instead of roaring Judgements, does he now roar?  
Did ~~Zorab~~ sleep so sound? Could he sleep then,  
When (with the sudden sight of death)  
(So many men) with yelling shrieks, and groans  
Made very heaven report? Were ~~Zorab~~ and ~~Sam~~ but  
Still clos'd, and he, not of his life bereav'd?  
Hard must he wink that shuns his eys from heaven,  
O righteous ~~Ist'el~~, where, O where art thou?  
Where is thy Lamb? thy zealous Shepherd  
Alas! the ravenous Wolves will soon' in sleep  
Thy Shepherd's candless, and in calm slumpry by night.

### A. Flock for Wombs.

Thy wandering flocks are frightened from their folds  
 Their Shepherd's gone, and Foxes are too bold;  
 They, they whose smooth fair words before the Altar  
 Their work'd different, and first began to fail;  
 And they that should be watch-tight in the Temple,  
 Are snuff'd, and were the oyle of good omens;  
 The chosen Watch-men, that the Tow'rs should keep,  
 Are waxon heavy-cyd and fallen asleep.

Lord, if thy watchmen wink too much, awake them;  
 Although they flumbers, do not thine forsake them;  
 The flesh is weak, say not it doth suffice;  
 Their heavy eyz sleep henceforth; take your ease;  
 And we poor weaslings, when we sleep in sin,  
 Knock at our thowzy hearts, and never lin,  
 Till thou awake our sin-congealed eyz;  
 Lest (drown'd in sleep) we sink and never rise.

### THE ARGUMENT.

*They question Jonah whence he came, yet will not His Country, and his peoples Name.*  
*He makes reply : They mean their men, and such his counsell what to doe.*

### Sect. 4.

**A**S when a Thief's appr'hended on suspect,  
 And charg'd for some supposed malfeasance,  
 A rude concourse of people straight accurse,  
 Whose itching ear even smart to know the news; bch  
 The guilty witness (to himself betray'd)  
 He stands abject, trembling, and afraid;  
 So forth stand the Sayers all among,  
 Inclosed round amid the suder throng.

## A Frost for Worms.

As in a Summer evening you shall hear  
In Hives of Bees (if you lay close wait for them) a confused buzz,  
Confused buzzing, and sedulous noise, sounding but  
Such was the murmur of the Sycamore voices.

"What was thy sin? all that causes this job of me now?  
(Says one) wherein hast thou so done amiss Rebuker?  
Tell us, what is thine sin? another says.  
That thou professest a spent man, whence money?  
From what comfort canst thou? (all called parties)  
What is thy Country? and of what tribe? another asks.  
What art thou born a Jew? or Gentile? another says.  
E're he could lead us answer was elicited, but to himself  
A fourth demands, where hast thy breaking been put?

All what they ask, they all ask o're again,  
In fine, their ears (impatient of delay) will not listen,  
Becalm'd their tongues to hear what he could say.

So Jonah shambly rearing up his eye,  
Breaking his long-kept silence, thus replies,

I am an Hebrew, son of Abraham,  
From whom my Land did first derive her name,  
Within the Land of Judah was I born;  
My name is Jonah, wretched and forlorn.  
I am a Prophet: ah! but woe is me,  
For, from before the face of God I fly;  
From whence (through disobedience) I am driven,  
I fear J E H O V A H, the great God of Heaven,  
I fear the Lord of Hosts, whose glories stand,  
Did make this stormy Sea, and mapple Land.

So said, their ears with double ravingment,  
Still hung upon his melting lips, intent,  
Whose dreadful woes their hearts so near impinged,  
That from themselves, themselves were quite dism'd.

As in a soultry Summers evening tide,  
 ( When lustful Phœbus re-salutes his Bride )  
 And Philomela begins her caroling )  
 A Herd of Deer are browsing in a Spring ;  
 With eager appetite, misdeeming nought,  
 Nor in so deep a silence fearing ought ;  
 A sudden chick, or some unthought-of sound,  
 Or bounce of fowlers Peete, or yell of Hound,  
 Disturbs their quiet peace with strange amaze,  
 Where ( senseless half ) through fear they stand at gaze ;  
 So stand the Shepherds ( with Ghosts affrighted )  
 Examin'd with what this man of God receiv'd :  
 Their tyred limbs do now wax faint, and lither,  
 Their hearts did yearn, their knees did smite together :  
 Congealed blood usurps their trembling hearts,  
 And left a faintness in their feeble parts :  
 Who ( trembling out distracting language ) thus

“ why hast thou brought this mischief upon us ? ”  
 “ What humour led thee to a place unknown ? ”  
 “ To seek our forraign Land, and leave thine own ? ”  
 “ What fair b hadst thou, by leaving thine abode ? ”  
 “ To think to flie the presence of thy God ? ”  
 “ Why hast thou not obey'd ( but thus transgressed )  
 “ The voice of God, whom thou acknowledgest ? ”  
 “ Art thou a Prophet ? and dost thou amisse ? ”  
 “ What is the cause ? and why hast thou done this ? ”  
 “ What shall we do ? the tempest lends no ear  
 “ To fruitfull chat, nor do the billows bear  
 “ Our words : Waves are not attent :  
 “ Our goods they stow, our needless pains are spent,  
 “ Our Bark's not weather proof ; no Fort's so stout  
 “ To keep continual siege and batt'ry out.  
 “ The Law accuses thee, thy world condemn thee,  
 “ The waves ( thy death's-men ) striving to overhelm thee,

## A Feast for Wormes.

" What shall we do ? Thou Prophet, speak, we pray thee.  
" Thou fear'st the Lord ; Alas ! we may not say such :  
" Or shall we save thee ? No, for thou dost fit  
" The face of God, and so deserve'st to die.  
" Thou Prophet, speak, what shall be done to thee,  
" That angry Seas may calm and quiesce ?

---

## Meditat. 4.

**G**ive leave a little to adjourn your Text,  
And ease my soul, my soul with doubts perplex'd :  
Can he be said to fear the Lord, that fies him ?  
Can word confess him, when asdeed denis him ?

My sacred Muse hath rounded in mine ear,  
And read the myst'ry of a twofold fear :  
The first, a servile fear, for judgments sake ;  
And thus Hells Fire-brands do fear and quake.  
Thus Adam fear'd, and fled behind a tree :  
And thus did bloody Cain both fear and fice.

Unlike to this there is a second kind  
Of fear, extracted from a zealous mind,  
Full fraught with love, and with a conscience clear  
From base respects : It is a filial fear ;  
A fear whose ground would just remain, and level,  
Were neither Heaven, nor Hell, nor God, nor Devil.  
Such was the fear that Princely David had :  
And thus our wretched Jonah fear'd and fiske.  
He fled asham'd, because his sins were such ;  
He fled asham'd, because his fear was much.  
He fear'd Jehovah, other fear'd he none :  
Him he acknowledg'd ; him he fear'd alone :  
Unlike to those who (being blind with error)  
Came many gods, and multiply their temples.  
In Egypt, god Apis did implore,  
And Afar the Chaldeans did adore :

22 : A Feast for Wormes.

Babel to the Devouring Dragon seeks; where  
Th' Arabians Albarab ; *Furo*, the Greeks;  
The name of *Betus*, the Assyrians hallow;  
The Trojans, *Vesta*; *Cormub*, wise *Apollo*;  
Th' Argivians sacrifice unto the Sun;  
To light-foot *Mercury*, bows *Macedon*:  
To god *Vohu*m, Lovers bend their knee:  
To Pavor, those that faint, and fearful be:  
Who pray for health, and strength, to *Mercis* these,  
And to *Vittoria*, they that fear to lose:  
To *Muta*, they that fear a womans tongue:  
To great *Lucina*, women great with young:  
To *Esculapius* they that live opprest:  
And such to *Quies*, that desire rest.

O blinded ignorance of antique times,  
How blent with error, and how stift with crimes  
Your Temples were ! And how adulterate !  
How clogg'd with needless gods ! How obstinate !  
How void of reason, order, how confus'd !  
How full of dangerous and foul abuse !  
How sandy were thy grounds, and how unstable !  
How many Deities ! yet how unable !

Implore these gods that list to howle and bark,  
They bow to *Dagon*, *Dagon* to the Ark :  
But he to whom the seal of mercy's given,  
Addres *Yehovah* the great God of Heaven :  
Upon the mention of whose sacred Name,  
Meek Lambs grow fierce, and the fierce Lyons tame.  
Bright *Sol* shall stop, and heaven shall turn his course.  
Mountains shall dance, and *Neptune* shake his force :  
The Seas shall part, the fire want his flames.  
Upon the mention of *Yehovah's* Name :  
A Name that makes the roof of Heaven to shake,  
The frame of Earth to quiver, Hell to quake :  
A Name, to which all Angels blow their Trumpet :  
A Name, puts frolick man into his dumpes,

(Thoughts)

## A FEAST FOR WORMS.

17

(Though ne'r so blythe;) A Name of high renown  
It mounts the meek, and beats the lofty down:  
A Name, divides the marrow in the bone;  
A Name, which out of hard and flinty stone  
Extracteth hearts of flesh, and makes relent  
Those hearts that never knew what mercy meant.

O Lord! how great's thy Name in all the Land?  
How mighty are the wonders of thy hand?  
How is thy glory plac'd above the Heaven?  
To tender mouths of Sucklings thou hast given  
Coercive pow'rs, and boldness to reprove,  
When elder men do what them not behove.  
O Lord! how great's the power of thine hand!  
O God! how great's thy Name in all the Land!

---

## THE ARGUMENT.

The Prophet doth his fable discover,  
Perswades the men to cast him over:  
They row, and rowlo, but do no good,  
They pray to be excus'd from blood.

---

Sect. §.

SO Jonah fram'd this speech to their demand,  
"Not that I seek to reverse the command  
"Of my dear Lord, and out of mind perverse,  
"I avoid the Ninevites, do I merce  
"My self; nor that I ever board you threaten  
"(Unless I went to Nineveh (the great),  
And do the message sent by from the Lord),  
That you would kill, or cast me overboard,  
Do I do this; 'tis my deserved fine, no h'z  
You all are guiltless, and the fault is mine."

## A Feast for Witches.

" 'Tis I, 'tis I alone, 'tis I am he ;  
 " The tempest comes from heaven, the cause from me :  
 " You shall not lose a hair for this my sin,  
 " Nor perish for the fault that mine hath been ;  
 " Lo, I the man am here ; Lo, I am he,  
 " The root of all ; End your revenge on me ;  
 " I fled th' Eternal God ; O, let me then  
 " (Because I fled my God) suffice from men :  
 " Redeem your lives with mine ; Ah, why should I  
 " Not guiltless, live ; and you not guilty, die ?  
 " I am the man for whom these billowes dance,  
 " My death shall purchase your deliverance ;  
 " Fear not to cease your fears, but throw me in ;  
 " Alas ! my soul is burthen'd with my sin,  
 " And God is just, and bent to his Decree,  
 " Which certain is, and cannot alter'd be ;  
 " I am proclaim'd a Traitor to the King,  
 " Of heaven and earth ; the winds with speedy wing  
 " Acquaine the Seas : The Seas mount up on high,  
 " And cannot rest until the Traitor dye ;  
 " Oh, cast me in, and let my life be ended ;  
 " Let death make Justice mends, which life offended ;  
 " Oh, let the swelling waters me embalm ;  
 " So shall the waves be still, and Sea be calm.

So said, th' amazed Mariners grew sad,  
 New love abstracted, what old fear did add ;  
 Love call'd pity ; Fear call'd Vengeance in ;  
 Love view'd the Sinner ; Fear beheld the Sin ;  
 Love cry'd out, Hold ; for better sav'd than spill'd ;  
 But fear cry'd, Kill ; O better kill than kill'd :  
 Thus plung'd with Passions they distract'd were  
 Betwixt the hopes and doubts of Love and Fear ;  
 Some cry'd out, Save : if this foul deed we do,  
 Vengeance that haunted him, will haunt us too !

Others cry'd, No : May rather death befall  
To one (that hath deserv'd to dye) than all :  
Save him (says one) Oh save the man that thus  
His dearest blood hath proffer'd to save us ;  
No, (says another) Vengeance must have blood,  
And vengeance strikes most hard, when most withhold.  
In fine (say all) Then let the Prophet dye,  
And we shall live ; For Prophets cannot lye.  
Loth to be guilty of their own, yet loth  
To haste poor *Zorab's* death, with hope, that both  
Th' approaching evils might be at once prevented,  
With prayers, and pains re-utter'd, re-attended ;  
They try'd new wayes despairing of the old,  
Love quickens courage, makes the spirits bold :  
They strove, in vain, by toyle to win the shores,  
And wrought more hard than e're they did before,  
But now, both hands and hearts begin to quail,  
(For bodies wanting rest, must faint and fail.)  
The Seas are angry, and the waves arise,  
Appeas'd with nothing but a Sacrifice ;  
God's vengeance stormeth like the raging Seas,  
Which nought but *Zorab* (dying) can appease :  
Fond is that labour, which attempts to free  
What heaven hath bound by a divine decree :  
*Zorab* must die, heaven hath decreed it so,  
*Zorab* must dye, or else they all dye too ;  
*Zorab* must dye, that from his Lord did file ;  
The Lot determin'd, *Zorab* then must die ;  
His guilty word confirms the sacred Lot :  
*Zorab* must dye then, if they perish not.

" If Justice then appoint (since he must die),  
" Said they) we Actors of his Tragedy,  
" (we beg not (Lord) a warrant to offend)  
" O pardon blood-thirst, that we must offend ;

A Fable for Warwicke.

123  
" Though not our hands, yet shall our hearts be clear,  
" Then let not stainless consciences bear  
" The load<sup>1</sup> roses burden of 4 Murders guilt,  
" Or pay the price of blood that must be paid,  
" For loe, (dear Lord) it is thine own decree,  
" And we sad ministers of Justice be.

---

Meditat. 5.

But stay awhile; this thing would first be knowne:  
**B** Can Jonab give himself, and not his owne?  
That part to God, and to his Countrey this,  
Pertaineth, so that a slender third is his.  
Why then should Jonab do a double wrong,  
To deal himself away, that did belong  
The least unto himself; or how could he  
Teach this, [Then think not ill] If Jonab be  
His life's own Butcher? What, was this a deed  
That with the calling no profit agreed?  
The purblind age (whose works almost divine)  
Did merely with the pyle of Nature shine,  
That knew no written Law, nor Grace, nor God,  
To whip their conscience with steele rod,  
How much did they abhor so foul a fact?  
When (led by Natures glimpe,) they made an Act  
Self-murderers should be deny'd to have  
The charitable honour of a Grave;  
Can such do so, when Jonab does amiss,  
What, Jonas, Isr'els Teacher, and do thus?

The Law of Charity doth all forbid,  
In this thing to do that which Jonab did;  
Moreo'r, in Charity, Tis thy behest,  
Of dying men to think and speake the best;  
The mighty Sampson did as much as this;  
And who dare say that Sampson did amiss?

If heaven's high Spirit whisper'd, in his ear  
Express command to do't? No wavering fear  
Drew back the righteous Abram's armed hand  
From Isaac's death, secur'd by heaven's command.

Sure is the knot that true Religion ties,  
And Laws that's rightly grounded, never dies; O  
It seems a Paradox beyond belief,  
That men in trouble should prolong relief; O  
That Pagans (so withstand'n Scragers Fate)  
Should be neglective of their own estate.

Where is this love become in later age?

Alas! 'tis gone in endles pilgrimage  
From hence, and never to return, (I doubt.)  
Till revolution wheel those times about:  
Chill breasts have starv'd her here, and she is driven  
Away; and with Afræas flood to heaven.  
Poor Charity, that naked Babe is gone,  
Her honey's spent, and all her store is done;  
Her wingless Bees can find out ne'r a bloom,  
And crooked Ate doth usurp her room:  
Nepenibe's dry, and Love can get no drink;  
And curs'd Ardenne flows above the brink.  
Brave Marincis, the world your name shall hallow,  
Admiring that in you, that none dare follow!  
Your friendship's rare, and your conversion strange  
From Paganisme to zeall: A sudden change  
Those men do now the God of heaven implore,  
That bow'd to Puppets but an hour before;  
Their zeal is fervent, (though but slow-burned);  
Before their Eyes, shells were done off, they run  
As when bright Phœbus in a summer tide,  
(New risen from the bosom of his Bride),  
Enveloped with misty fogs, at length  
Breaks forth, displays the morn, with Southern strength;  
Even so these Mariners (of peerless mirror)  
Their faith being rais'd within the mist of time,

At length their zeal chas'd ignorance away,  
They left their puppers and began to pray.

Lord, how unlimited are thy confines,  
That still pursu'st man in his good designs!  
Thy mercy's like the dew of Hermon hills,  
Or like the Oynment, dropping downward still  
From Aarons head, to beard's from beard to foot;  
So do thy mercies drench us round about:  
Thy love is boundless; Thou art apt and free  
To turn to Man, when Man returns to thee.

## THE ARGUMENT.

*They cast the Prophet over Board;*  
*The storm allay'd; they fear the Lord;*  
*A mighty Fish him quick devor'd;*  
*Where he remained many hours.*

**E**VEN as a member, whose corrupted sore  
Infests, and rankles, eating more and more,  
Thrusting the bodies loss (if not prevented)  
The wise Chyrurgeon (all fair means attemay'd)  
Cuts off, and with advised skill doth choose  
To lose a part, than all the body loss.  
Even so the feeble Sailors (that address a lexicall P  
Their idle arms, where heaven denies succor)  
Forbear their thrivel's labours, and devile  
To root that evil, from whence their harms arise.  
Treason is in their thoughts, and in their ears  
Danger revives the old, and adds new fears:  
Their hearts grow fierce, and every soul applicy'd  
To abondon mercy from his tender eyes;

# A Fools for Women.

They cease to attempt what heaven so long withheld  
And bent to kill; their thoughts are all on blood:  
They whisper oft, each word is Death's Alarum;  
They hoist him up, each lends a busie arm,  
And with united powers they entomb  
His out-cast body in their angry womb:

Whereat grim Neptune with his horny mouth,  
Held his trident Maceman the South,  
The winds where whist the billows danc'd no more,  
The storm allay'd, the heavens left off to roar,  
The waves (obedient to their pilgrimage)  
Gave ready passage, and forcast their rage;

The skie grew clear, and now the welcome light  
Begins to put the gloomy Clouds to flight:  
Thus all on sudden was the Sea tranquill,  
The Heav'ns were quitt, and the waves were still.

At which a friendly Creditor (to get  
Along forborn, and much concerning debt)  
Still plies his willing debtor with entreaty,  
Importunes daily, daily chumps, and beats  
The batur'd portals of his tired eaves,  
Bedeasing him with what he knowes, and hears;

The weary debtor to ayold the sight  
He loathes, shifts here and there, and ev'ry night  
Seeks out Protection of another bed,  
Yet ne'rtheless (pursu'd and followed)  
His ears are still laid at with louder voice  
Of harder Dialect; He melancholy

Sits down, and sighs, and after long fore-flowing  
(T' avoid his presence) payes him what is owing.

The thankful Creditor is now appeas'd,  
Takes leave, and goes away content, and pleased.  
Even so these angry waves with restless rage  
Accosted him in his pilgrimage,  
And hundred Judgement in his fearful care,  
Presenting Hububs to his guilty fears?

The waves rose discontent, the Surges bear'd  
And every moment, death the billows threat'g'd  
The weather-beaten Ship did every minute  
Await destruction, while he was in it;  
But when his (long expect'd) corps they threw  
Into the deep, a debt, (through trespass, due,)  
The Sea grew kinder, and all her frowns abate,  
Her face was smooth to all that navigated.

\*Twas sinfull Jonah made her storm and rage,  
\*Twas sinfull Jonah did her storm asswage.

With that the Mariners astoyn't were,  
And fear'd Jehovah with a mighty feare,  
Offering up Sacrifice with one accord,  
And vowed solemn vowes unto the Lord.  
But he whose Word can make the earth's foundation  
Trumble, and with his word can make cessation,  
Whose wrath doth mount the waves, and toss the sea,  
And make them calm & sombre, when e'er he pleaseth;  
This God, (whose mercy runs on endlesse wheeles,)  
And pull'd (like Jacob) Justice by the heel,  
Prepar'd a Fish, prepar'd a mighty Whale,  
Whose belly was both prison-house, and bale,  
For rechless Jonah. As the two leaf'd dove  
Comes, to welcome home the fruitful store,  
Wherewith the harvest quites the Plowmen's hope:  
Even so the great Leviathan did open  
His beam-like jaws, (prepar'd for such a boone,)  
And at a morsel swallowed Jonah down. O  
Tall dairy cheek! Aurora's purple die!  
Three dappled had the ruddy morning side,  
And thrice had spread the Quarries of the mante,  
To let in Tides, when the day was borne,  
Jonah was tenant to this living Grave,  
Embowell'd deep in this stupendous Garry.

O, Death is now, as alwayes in hech bane,  
The just procured & pend of our sinnes. A  
Sis is a golden Canie, and a Road,  
Garnish'd with joyes, whose parts, are even and breed,  
But leads at length to death, and evill Justice,  
To tormentes, and to paine without relief.  
Justice feare's none, but maketh all afraid,  
And then falls hardest, when 'tis most deuid.  
But thou reply' st, thy sins are daily great,  
Yet shou' st it uncontroll'd upon thy fear,  
Thy wheats goth flouribb, and thy barres do thryv,  
Thy succes increaseth, thy lons see all alive,  
And thou art buxom, and haft nothing, ~~but~~,  
Finding no want of any thing, but want of thy selfe.  
Whil'st others, whom the squint eye of world, gounes,  
Sit sadly drooping in a Melancholy,  
With brow dejected, and down-hanging head,  
Or take of almes, or poorly banisht, ~~are~~,  
But young men, know chere's na Day of gloomye,  
The Feast is good, uncill the reck'ning come,  
The time runs fassest, where is least regard, ~~the~~,  
The bone that's long in falling, fallen hard,  
There is a dying day, (thou prop'st nowfoole) how  
When all thy laughter shall be purg'd in Dolor,  
Thy robes to tort'ring plagues, and fell tormenting;  
Thy whoops of joy, to howles of sad lamenting;  
Thy tongue shall yell, and yawl, and never stop,  
And wish a world to give for one poor drop  
To flatter thine intolerable pain;  
The wealth of *Pluto* could not then obtain  
A minutes freedome from that hellish rour,  
Whose fire burns, and never goeth out;

Nor house, nor land, nor measur'd heaps of wealth,  
Can render to a dying man his health:

**O**ur life on earth is like a shred of flaxe,  
That all may touch, and being toucht it cracks.

As when an archer shooteth for his sport,  
Sometimes his shaft is gone, sometimes 'tis short,  
Sometimes o' th' left hand wide, sometimes o' th' right,  
At last (through often trial) hits the White;  
So death sometimes with her uncertain Rover  
Hits our Superiors, and so shoots over:  
Sometimes for change she strikes the meaner sort,  
Strikes our Inferiors (and then comes short:)  
Sometimes upon the left hand wide she goes,  
And so (still wounding somc) she strikes our foes;  
And sometimes wide upon the right hand beads,  
There with Imperial shafts she strikes our friends;  
At length (through often trial) hits the White,  
And so strikes us into eternal night.

**D**eath is a Malcontent compos'd by Fate,  
Concerning all men, never out of date;  
Her dayes Domestical are writ in blood:  
She shew's more bad days then she sheweth good:  
She sets which days, and months, and terms expire,  
Meas'ning the lives of mortals by her squire.

**D**eath is a Pursuivant with Eagles wings,  
That knocks at poor mens doors, and gates of Kings.  
Working, beware because death sculps behind thee,  
And as find leaves thick, so will judgment find thee.

THE

THE ARGUMENT.

Within the bowels of the fish,  
Jonah lamen'd in great anguish;  
God heard his pray'r, at whose command  
The fish disgorg'd him on the Land.

**T**hen Jonah turn'd his face to heav'n, and pray'd,  
Within the bowels of the Whale, and said,

"I cry'd out of my halefull misery  
Unto my God, and he hath heard my cry;  
From out the pouch of hell I made a noise;  
And thou hast answer'd me, and heard my voice;  
Into the deeps and bottome thou hast thrown me,  
Thy Sarges and thy waves have past upon me.  
Then Lord ( said I ) from thy refugent sight  
I am expell'd, I am forsaken quite;  
Nay the less, while these my wretched eyremains  
Unto thy Temple will I look again.  
The boistrous waters compast me about,  
My body threat'ns to let her pris'ner out;  
The boundlesse depth enclos'd me, ( almost dead )  
The weeds are wrapt about my fainting head;  
I liev'd on earth rejected at thine hands,  
And a perpetual pris'ner in the Land;  
Yet thou wile cause my life to ascend at length,  
From out this pit, O Lord, my God, my strength;  
When at my soul was overwhelm'd and faint,  
I had recourse to thee, did thee acquaint

"With the condition of my woful case,  
 "My cry came to thee in thine holy Place.  
 "Whoso to vanities aboves borake,  
 "Renounce thy mercies, and thy love forsake;  
 "To thee I'll sacrifice in endless dayes;  
 "With voice of thanks, and ever sounding praise;  
 "I'll pay my wortes; or all the world records  
 "With one consent, Salvation is the Lord.

But he (whose word's a deed; whose breath's a law;  
 Whose just command implies a dreadful awe,  
 Whose Word prepar'd a Whale upon the deep,  
 To rend and wait for Jonah's fall, and keep  
 His out-cast body safe, and soul secure)  
 This very God (whose mercy must endure,  
 When heaven, and earth, when sea, and all things fail)  
 Disclos'd his purpose, and bespake the Whale  
 To re-deliver Jonah to his hand;  
 Whereat the Whale disgorg'd him on the land.

## Meditat. 7.

Well record a Holy Father sayes,  
 "He teaches to deny that faintly prayes:  
 The suit surceases, when desire failes;  
 But whoso prayes with fervency, prevails;  
 For pray'r is the key that opens th' eternal gate,  
 And findes admittance, whet'fer earl' or late;  
 It forces audience, it unlocks the dore  
 Of heavens great God, though deaf; it makes him  
 Upon a time, Babel, (the worlds fair Queen  
 Made drunk with choler, and enraged with spleen)  
 Through self disdain, derraign'd war 'gainst them  
 That tender'd homage to Jerusalem.

A maiden fight it was, yet they were strong  
As men of War, the Battail lasted long,  
Much blood was shed, and spilt on either side,  
That all the ground with purple gore was dy'd :  
In fine, a sooldier of *Seru'alem*,  
*Charissa* hight (the Admirer of the Realm)  
Chill'd with an ague, and anapt to fight,  
Into *Justitia's* Castle took her flight,  
Whereat great *Babels* Queen commanded all  
To lay their siege against the Castle wall ;  
But poor *Tymissa* not with war acquainted)  
Fearing *Charissa*'s death, fell down, and fainted ;  
Daunclesse *Prudentia* rear'd her from the ground,  
Where she lay (pale and senselesse) in a swound ;  
She rubb'd her temples, and at length awaking,  
She gave her water of *Fidessa*'s making,  
And said, Cheare up, (dear sister) though our foe  
Hath tane us Captives, thus besieg'd with woe,  
We have a King puissant, and of might,  
Will see us take no wrong, and doe us right,  
If we possesse him with our sad complaint:  
Chear up, wee'l send to him, and him acquaint,  
*Tymissa* (new awak'd from swound) replies,  
Our Castle is begirt with enemies,  
And troops of armed men befoye our walls,  
Then sure death, or worse then death befalls  
To her, (who ere she be) that stirr'd a foot,  
Or rashly dares attempt to venture out ;  
Alas ! what hope have we to find relief,  
And want the meanes that may divulge our griefe ?  
Within that place a jolly Matron dwell'd,  
Whose looks were fixt and sad ; her left hand held  
A pair of equal ballances ; her right  
A two-edg'd sword ; her eyes were quick and bright ;  
Not apt to squint, but nimble to discern ;  
Her visage lovely was, yes bold and stern ;

*A Feast for Warmes.*

Her name *Justitia*; to her they make  
Their moan, who well advis'd, them thus bespake:

Fair Maidens, more beloved then the light,  
I rue the suffrance of your woful plight,  
But piry's fond alone, recures no griefe,  
But fruitlesse fale, unlesse it yield reliefe.  
Cheare up, I have a Messenger in store,  
Whose speed is much, but faithful trust is more;  
Whose nimble wings shall cleave the flitting skies,  
And scorn the terror of your enemies;  
*Oratio* hight, well known unto your King,  
Your message she shall do, and tidings bring;  
Provided that *Fidessa* travail with her,  
And so (on Christ's Name) let them go together,  
With that *Fidessa* having ta'ne her errant,  
And good *Oratio* with *Justitia*'s warrant,  
In silence of the midnight took her flight;  
Arriving at the Court that very night;  
But they were both as flames of fire hot,  
For they did flie as swift as Canons shot:  
But they (left sudden cold should do them harme)  
Together clung, and kept each other warme:  
But now the kingly gates were sparr'd, and lockt,  
They call'd, but none made answer; then they knockt  
Together joining both their force in one,  
They knockt aga'in, yet answer there was none;  
But they that never learn'd to take denial,  
With importunity made further trial;  
The King heard well, although he list not speak,  
Till they with strokes the gate did well-nie break,  
In fine, the brazen gates flew open wide:  
*Oratio* wond her suit; The King replide,  
*Oratio* was a faire, and welcome guest:  
So heard her suit, so granted her request.  
Fraile man, observe; In thee the practice lies,  
Let sacred Meditation moralize;

Let praye be fervent, and thy faith intire,  
And heare no at laist will grant thee thy desire.

THE ARGUMENT.

The second time was Jonah sent  
To Niniveh : now Jonah went ;  
Against her crying sinnes he cry'd ;  
And her destruction prophecy'd.

SECT. 3.

O Ne're more the voice of heaven's high Command  
(Like horr'ld claps of heaven's dividing thunders ;  
Or like the fall of waters breach (the noise  
B'ing heard far distant off) such was the voice )  
Came down from heav'n to Jonah, new-born Man,  
To re-baptized Jonah, and thus began :  
‘ Am I a God ? or art thou ought but dust ?  
‘ More than a man ? Or are my Laws unjust ?  
‘ Am I a God, and shall I not command ?  
‘ Art thou a man, and dar'st my Laws transgresse ?  
‘ Shall I (the motion of whose breath shall灭) )  
‘ Both Earth, and Sea, and Hell, and Heav'nquake ?  
‘ By thee (fool man) shall I be thus negatived ?  
‘ And thy presumption scape uncorrected ?  
‘ Thy faith hath sav'd thee ( Jonah ) Sin no more,  
‘ Lest worse things happen after, than before,  
Arise ; let all th' assembled powr's agree  
To do th' Embassage I impose on thee ;  
Trifle no more ; and, to avoid my figh't,  
Think not to balk me with a second figh't.  
Arise and go to Nineveh (the great )  
Where broods of Gentiles have trown up their seats

The great Queen regent mother of the Land,  
 That multiplies in people like the sand ;  
 Away with wings of time, (Ile not esioin thee)  
 Denounce these fiery Judgments, I enjoyn thee.

Like as a youngling that to schoole is sent,  
 (Scarce weaned from his mothers blandishment,  
 Where he was cocker'd with a stroking hand)  
 With stubborn heart denies the just command  
 His Tutor wils : but being once corrected,  
 His homebred stomach's curb'd, or quite ejected :  
 His crooked nature's chang'd, and mollifi'd,  
 And humbly seeks what stoutly he deny'd :  
 So *Zorah*'s stout, perverse, and stubborn heart,  
 Was hardned once, but when it felt the smart  
 Of heav'ns avenging wrath, it straight diffolv'd ;  
 And what it once avoided, now resolv'd  
 T' effect with speed, and with a careful hand,  
 Fully replenish'd with his Lord's Command,  
 To *Niniveh* he flieth like a Roc,  
 Each step the other strives to overgoe :  
 And as an arrow to the mark does flie,  
 So (bent to flight) flies he to *Niniveh* :

Now *Niniveh* a mighty City was,  
 Which all the Cities of the world did passe ;  
 A City which o're all the rest aspires  
 Like midnight *Phebe* 'mongst the lesser fires :  
 A City, which (although to men was given)  
 Better beseen'd the Majesty of heaven :  
 A City great to God, whose ample wall,  
 Who undertakes to mete with paces, shall  
 Bring *Phebus* thrice to bed, ere it be done,  
 (Although with dawning *Hesperus* begun.)

When *Zorah* hath approacht the City gate,  
 He wade no stay to rest, nor yet to bair,  
 No supple oyle his fainting head anointing,  
 Staycs not to bathe his weather-beaten joynts,

Nor smooth'd his countenance, nor slick'd his skin,  
Nor craved he the Hostage of an Inne,  
To ease his aking bones (with travell sore;) )  
But went as speedy as he fled before:  
The Cities greatesse made him not refuse  
To be the trump of that unwelcome news  
His tongue was great with; But (like thunders noise)  
His mouth flew ope, and out there rufar a voice.

*When dewy-cheek'd Aurora shall display  
Her golden locks, and summon up the day  
Twice twenty times, and rest her drowsie head  
Twice twenty nights, in aged Tithons bed,  
Then Niniveh, this place of bigb renown,  
Shall be destroy'd, and fachte, and baster'd down.*

He satte not down to take deliberation,  
What manner people were they, or what Nation,

Or Gent', or Salvage; nor did he enquire

What place were most convenient for a Crier;

Nor like a sweet-lipt Orator did steare,

Or tune his language to the peoples eare;

But bold, and rough, yet full of Majestys,

Lift up his trumpet, and began to cry,

*When forty times Don Phæbus shall fulfil*

*His Journall course upon th' Olympian Hill,*

*Then Niniveh (the Worlds great wonder) shall*

*Startle the Worlds foundation with her fall.*

The dismal prophet stands not to admire

The Cities pomp, or peoples quaint attire,

Nor yet (with fond affection) doth pity

Th' approaching downfall of so brave a City,

But dauntlesse he his dreadful voice extends,

Respectlesse, whom this bolder cry offends;

*When forty dayes shall be expir'd, and run,*

*And that poor Inch of time drawn out, and done,*

*Then Niniveh the Worlds Imperial throne)*

*Shall not be left a stone upon a stone.*

( 36. Meditat. 8. ) and gather all else. T

**B**ut stay ! Is God like one of us ? Can he  
When he hath said it, alter his Decrees ?  
Can he that is the God of Truth, dispence  
With what he woul'd ? or offer violence  
Upon his sacred Justice ? Can his mind  
Revolt at all ? or vary like the wind ?  
How comes this alteration then, that He  
Thus limiting th' effect of his Decree  
Upon th' expiring date of forty dayes,  
He then performes it not ? But still delays  
His plagues denounc'd, and Judgement still forbear'd,  
And stead of forty dayes gives many years ?  
Yet forty dayes, and Nineveh shall perish.  
Yet forty years, and Nineveh doth flourish :  
A change in man's infirme, in God 'tis strange ;  
In God to change his Will, and will a Change,  
Are divers things : When he repents from ill,  
He wils a Change ; he changes not his Will ;  
The subject's chang'd, which secret was to us,  
But not the mind, that did dispose it thus ;  
Denounced Judgement God doth oft prevent,  
But neither changes counsel, nor intent ;  
The voyce of heaven doth seldom threat perdition,  
But with expresse, or an imply'd conditions  
So that, if Nineveh return from ill,  
God turns his hand, he doth not turn his Will.

The stink of Nineveh was forty dayes,  
To change the bias of her crooked wayes :  
To some the time is large ; to others, small ;  
To some 'tis many years ; And not at all  
To others ; Some an hour have, and some  
Have scarce a minute of their time to come :

Thy span of life (*Maliso*) is thy space  
To call for mercy, and to cry for grace,

Lord! what is man, but like a worm that crawls,  
Open to danger every foot that falls  
Death creeps (unheard) and steals abroad (*sunfteen*,)  
Her darts are sudden, and her arrows keen;  
Uncertain when, but certain she will strike,  
Respecting King and Beggar both alike;  
The stroke is deadly, come it soon or late,  
Which once being struck, repenting's out of date;  
Death is a minute, full of sudden sorrow;  
*'Then live to day, as thou mayst die to morrow,*

---

THE ARGUMENT.

*The Ninivites believe the word,  
Their hearts returne unto the Lord;  
In him they put their only trust:  
They mourn in Sackcloth, and in dust.*

---

So said, the Ninivites believ'd the Word,  
Believed Jones, and believ'd the Lord;  
They made no pause, nor jested at the news,  
Nor slighted it, because it was a Jew's  
Denouncement; No, nor did their gazing eyes  
(As taken captive with such novelties)  
Admire the strangers garb, so quaint to th' heathen.  
No idle that possest their echoing ears  
The whilst he speake: nor were their tongues of fire  
To rail upon, nor interrupt the Cryer;  
Nor did they question whether true the message,  
Or false the Prophet were, that brought th' embassage.

Put they gave faith to what he said ; relented,  
 And (changing their mis-wandered wayes) repented :  
 Before the searching Ayre could coolc his word,  
 Their hearts returned, and believ'd the Lord ;  
 And they, whose dainty lips were cloy'd while-ere  
 With cates, and viands, and with wanton cheare,  
 Do now enjoyn their palats not to tast  
 The offall bread; (for they proclaim'd a Fast)  
 And they, whose looter bodies once did lie  
 Wrapt up in Robes, and Silks of princely Die,  
 Lo now, in stead of Robes, in rags they mourne,  
 And all their Silks do into Sackcloth turne :  
 They reade themselves sad Lectures on the ground,  
 Learning to want, as well as to abound ;  
 The Prince was not exempted, nor the Peere,  
 Nor yet the ischeit, nor the poorest there ;  
 The old man was not freed, (whose heary age  
 Had ev'n almost outworne his Pilgrimage )  
 Nor yet the young, whose glasse (but new begun)  
 By course of Nature had an age to runne :  
 For when that fatall Word came to the King,  
 (Convey'd with speed upon the nimble wing  
 Of sitting Fame) he straight dismounts his Thrones  
 Forsakes his Chair of State he sate upon,  
 Disrob'd his body, and his head discrown'd,  
 In dust and ashes grov'ling on the ground,  
 And when he rear'd his trembling corps again,  
 (His hair all filthy with the dust he lay in)  
 He clad in penitent Sackcloth, did depose  
 Himself from State Imperial, and chose  
 To live a Vassal, or a baser thing,  
 Than to usurp the Scepter of a King :  
 (Respectlesse of his pompe) he quite forgat  
 He was a Monarch mindlesse of his State,  
 He neither sought to rule, or be obey'd,  
 Nor with his sword, nor with the Scepter sway'd.

Meditat. 9.

I S fasting then the thing that God requires?

Can fasting expiate, or slake those fires:

That sinne hath blown to such a mighty flame?

Can sackcloth clothe a faulke, or hide a shame?

Can ashes clese thy blot? or purge thy' offence?

Or do thy hands make heaven a recompence,

By strowing dust upon thy briny face?

Are these the tricks to purchase heavenly grace?

No, though thou pine thy self with willing want;

Or face look thin, or Carkass ne're so gaunt;

Although thou worser weeds then sackcloth weare,

Or naked goe: or sleep in shirts of haire;

Or though thou chuse an Ash-tub for thy bed,

Or make a daily dunghil on thy head;

Thy labour is not poys'd with equal gaines,

For thou hast nought but labour for thy paines:

Such holy madnesse God rejects, and leathes,

That sinks no deeper than the skin, or cloathes:

'Tis not thine eyes which (taught to weepe by art)

Look red with teares, (not guilty of thy heart)

'Tis not the holding of thy hands so hyc,

Nor yet the purer squinting of thine eye;

'Tis not your minick mouthes, your antick faces,

Your Scripture phrases, or affected Graces,

Nor prodigal up-banding of thine eys,

Whose gashful bals do seem to pele the skyes;

'Tis not the strict reforming of your haire

So close, that all the neighbour skull is bare;

'Tis not the drooping of thy head so low,

Nor yet the lowring of thy sullen brow,

Nor wolvish howling that disturbs the aire,

Nor repitions, or your tedious prayer;

No, no, 'tis none of this, that God regards ;  
 Such sort of fooles their own applause rewards ;  
 Such puppet-playes to heaven are strange and quaint ;  
 Their service is unsweet, and foully taint ;  
 Their words fall fruitlesse from their idle braine,  
 But true repentance runs in other straine ;  
 Where sad contrition harbours, there the heart  
 Is truly acquainted with the secret smart  
 Of past offences, hates the bosome sin  
 The most, which most the soul took pleasure in  
 No crime unsifted, no sinne unrepresented  
 Can lurke unseen; and seen, none unlamented ;  
 The troubled soul's amaz'd with dire aspects  
 Of lesser sinnes committed and detect  
 The wounded Conscience it cries amain  
 For mercy, mercy, cryes, and cryes again  
 It sadly grieves, and soberly laments ;  
 It yernes for grace, reformes, returnes, repents  
 I, this is incense, whолe accepted fayour  
 Mountsup she heavenly Throne, and findeher fayour ;  
 I, this is ip, whose valour n̄ever failes,  
 With God he stoulty wrastles, and prevails ;  
 I, this is it that peirces heaven above,  
 Never returning home (like Noah's Dove)  
 But brings an olive leaf, or spine encreases  
 That works Salvation, and Eternall Peace.

THE

# A Feast for Wormes.

## THE ARGUMENT.

The Prince and people fasts, and prayes :  
God heard, accepted, lik'd their wayes :  
Upon their timely true repentence,  
God reverst, and chang'd his sentence,

## Sect. 10.

Then suddenly, with holy zeal inflam'd,  
He caus'd a general Act to be proclaim'd,  
By sage adive, and counsel of his Peeres ;  
“ Let neither man, or child, of youth, or yeares,  
“ From greatest in the City, to the least,  
“ Nor Herd, nor pining Flock, nor hungry beast,  
“ Nor any thing that draweth aire, or breath,  
“ On forfeiture of life, or present death,  
“ Presume to taste of nourishment, or food,  
“ Or move their hungry lips to chew the cud ;  
“ From out their eyes let Springs of water burst,  
“ With tears (or nothing) let them slake their thirst ;  
“ Moreso're, let every man (what e're he be)  
“ Of higher quality, or low degree,  
“ D'off all they wear, (excepting but the same  
“ That nature craves, and that which covers shame,)  
“ Their nakednesse with sackcloth let them hide,  
“ And muc the vestments of their silken pride ;  
“ And let the brave cariering Horse of War,  
“ Whose rich Caparisons, and trappings are  
“ The glorious Wardrobe of a Victors show,  
“ Let him disrobe, and put on sackcloth too ;  
“ The Ox (ordain'd for yoke) the Ass (for load)  
“ The Horse (as well for race, as for the road)

¶ The

' The burthen-bearing Camel (strong and great)  
 ' The fruitfull Kine, and every kinde of Neat,  
 ' Let all put sackcloth on, and spare no voice,  
 ' But cry aloud to heaven, with mighty noise,  
 ' Let all men turn the bias of their wayes,  
 ' And change their fiercer hands to force of praise :  
 ' For who can tell, if God (whose angry face  
 ' Hath long been waining from us) will embrace  
 ' This slender pittance of our best indeavour ?  
 ' Who knows, if God will his intent persever ?  
 ' Or who can tell, if he (whose tender love  
 ' Transcends his sharper Justice) will remove  
 ' And change his high decrees, and turn his sentence  
 ' Upon a timely, and unsain'd repentance ?  
 ' And who can tell, if heaven will change the lot,  
 ' That we, and ours may live, and perish not ?

So God perceiv'd their works, and saw their ways,  
 Approv'd the faith, that in their works did blaze,  
 Approv'd their works, approv'd their works the rather  
 Because their faith and works went both together :  
 He saw their faith, because their faith abounded ;  
 He saw their works, because on faith they grounded ;  
 He saw their faith, their works, and so relented ;  
 He approv'd their works, their faith, and so repented ;  
 Repented of the plagues they apprehended ;  
 Repented of the evil that he intended ;  
 So God the vengeance of his hand withdrew,  
 He took no forfeiture, although 'twere due ;  
 The evils that once he meant, he now forgot,  
 Cancell'd the forfeit bond, and did it not.

## Meditation 10.

(E.E. into what an ebbe of low estate ex O. 26 T.  
 S The soul that seeks to be regenerate ) 26 H. 21

## A Feast for Wormes.

43

Must first descend, before the ball rebounds,  
It must be thrown with force against the ground;  
The seed increases not in fruitful ears,  
Nor can she reare the goodly stalk she beares,  
Unlesse besrow'd upon a mould of earth,  
And made more glorious by a second birth:  
So man, before his wisdom can bring forth  
The brave exploits of truly noble worth,  
Or hope the granting of his sins remission,  
He must be humbl'd first in sad contrition.  
The plant (through want of skill, or by neglect)  
If it be planted from the Sunne reflect,  
Or lack the dew of seasonable showers  
Decayes, and beareth neither fruit, nor flowers:  
So wretched man, if his repentance hath  
No quickning Sun-shine of a lively Faith,  
Or not bedew'd with shrowres of timely times,  
Or works of mercy, (wherin Faith appears,)  
His prayers, and deeds, and all his forced grones,  
Are like the howles of dogs, and works of drones,  
The wise Chyrurgeon, (first by letting blood)  
Weakens his Patient ere he does him good;  
Before the soul can a true comfort finde,  
The body must be prolligate; and the minds  
Truly repentive, and contrite within,  
And loathe the fawning of a bosome sin.

But Lord ! Can man deserve ? Or can his bold  
Do Justice equal right, which he transgreſſt ?  
When Dust and Ashes mortally offend,  
Can Dust and Ashes make eternal mends ?  
Is Heaven unjust ? Must not the recompence  
Be full equivalent to the offence ? A  
Whae mends by mortal Man, can then be given  
To the offended Majestie of Heaven ? A  
O Mercy ! Mercy ! on that my soul relies,  
On thee we build our faith, we bind our hydes.

*A Psalm for WORMS.*

Thou fill'st my empty strain, thou fill'st my anguish;  
 Thou art the subject of my Swan-like song;  
 Like pinion'd pris'ners at the dying tree, on board of  
 Our ling'ring hopes abroad and wait on thee;  
 (Arraign'd at Justice Bar,) prevent our dooms;—  
 To thee with joyful hearts we clearly come.  
 Thou art our Clergy; Thou that dearest Book,  
 Whe'rein our fainting eyes desire to look;—  
 In thee, we trust to read (what will release us);  
 In bloody Characters, that name of J E S U S.

What shall we then return the God of Heaven?  
 Where nothing is (Lord) nothing can be given;  
 Our soules, our bodies, strength, and all our pow'rs;  
 (Alas!) were all too little, were they entire;  
 Or shall we burn (until our life expires) in bidding adieu;  
 An endless Sacrifice in holy fires?—and end up ev'n  
 My Sacrifice shall be my heart intire;—Byrbed iron;—O  
 My Christ the Altar, and my Zeal the Fire.

*THE ARGUMENT.*

The Prophet discontented prays  
 To God, that he would end his dayes;  
 Consumes his wrath so imprefect;  
 Reproves his neadvis'd request.

*SCH. II.*

**B**ut this displeasing was in Jonah's eyes,  
 His heart grew hot, his blood began to rise,  
 His eyes did sparkle, and his teeth struck fire;  
 His veines did boile, his bosom was full of ire;  
 At last brake forth into a strange request,  
 These words he pray'd and murmur'd out the rest:

Was not, O was not this my thought (O Lord) ?  
Before I fled ? Nay was not this my word,  
The very word my jealous language vented ?  
When this mishap might well have bin prevented ?  
Was there not a just suspect,  
My preaching would procure this effect ?  
For Lord, I knew of old, thy tender love ;  
I knew the power thou gav'st my tongue, would move  
Their Adamanlike hearts ; I knew twould thaw  
Their frozen spirits, and breed relenting awe ;  
I knew (great God) upon their true repentance,  
That thou determin'dst to reverse thy sentence ;  
For well I knew thou wert a gracious God,  
Of long forbearance, slow to use the Rod ;  
I knew, the power of thy Mercies best,  
The strength of all thy other works outwent ;  
I knew thy tender kindness, and how loath  
Thou wert to punish, and how slow to wrath ;  
Turning thy judgments, and thy plagues preventing ;  
Thy mind reversing, and of ev'll repenting ;  
Therefore (O therefore) upon this persuasion O H  
I fled to Tarsis, there to make evasion ;  
To save thy credit (Lord) to save mine own soul ;  
For when this blast of zeal is overblown,  
And shakelaw left, and they surcease to molest,  
When they (like dogs) shall to their vomit turn,  
They'll vilipend thy sacred Word, and scoffe it,  
Saying, was that a God, or this a Prophet ?  
They'll scorn thy judgments, and thy threats despise,  
And call thy Prophets, Messengers of lies,  
Now therefore (Lord) bow down unto me early H  
(For ah ! my burden's more than flesh can bear) H  
Make speed (O Lord) and finish all delays,  
To extinguish now the taper of my dayes ;  
Let not the minutes of my life pass me by,  
But let my wretched hours count me nought.

46 A Feast for Wormes.

' Let not my fainting spirits longer stay  
' In this fraile mansion of distemper'd clay ;  
' The thred's but weak, my life depends upon ;  
' O, cut that thred, and let my life be done ;  
' My breast stands faire, strike then, and strike again ;  
' For nought but dying can asswage my pain :  
' O may I rather die than live in shame ;  
' Better it is to leave, and yield the game,  
' Than to ile, for what, at length, must needs be lost ?  
' O, kill me, for my heart is sore imbost :  
' This latter boone unto thy servant give,  
' For better 'tis for me to die, then live.  
So wretched Jonah. But Jehovah thus :  
' VVhat boots it so to storm out-ragious ?  
' Becomes it thus my servants heart to swell ?  
' Can anger help thee, Jonah ? dost thou well ?

---

Meditat. 12.

**H**O w poore a thing is Man ! How vain's his midd !  
How strange ! how basel & wav'ring like the wind !  
How uncouth are his wayes ! how full of danger !  
How to himself, is he himself a stranger !  
His heart's corrupt, and all his thoughts are vain ;  
His actions sinful, and his words profane ;  
His will's deprav'd, his senses are beguil'd,  
His reason's dark, his members all defil'd ;  
His hasty foote are swift and prone to ill ;  
His guilty hands are ever bent to kill ;  
His tongue's a sponge of venome, (or of worse,)  
His practice is to sweare, his skill to curse ;  
His eyes are fire-balls of lustfull fire,  
And outward helps to inward foul desire ;  
His body is a well erected station,  
But full of folly and corrupted passion ;

Fond love, and raging lust, and foolish scares ;  
 Griefes overwhelmed with immoderate teares ;  
 Excessive joy ; prodigious desire ;  
 Unholy anger, red and hot as fire ;  
 These daily clog the soul, that's fast in prison,  
 From whose encrease this lucklesse brood is risen,  
 Respectlesse Pride, and lustful idlenesse,  
 Base ribauld talk, and loathsome Drunkennesse,  
 Faithlesse Despaire, and vain Curiosite :  
 Both false, yet double-tongu'd Hypocrisie :  
 Soft Flattery, and haughty ey'd Ambition ;  
 Heart-gnawing Hatred, and squint-ey'd Suspition ;  
 Self-eating Envy, envious Detraction, O  
 Hopelesse Distrust, and too too sad Dejection ;  
 Revengful Malice, hellish Blasphemy, O  
 Idolatry, and light Inconstancy, VV  
 Daring Presumption, wry-mou'th'd Derision, H  
 Damned Apostatis'd fond Superstition.)

VWhat hoodful witch ? Ah what continual ward ?  
 How great respect, and howerly regard  
 Stands man in hand to have ; when such a brood  
 Of furious hell-hounds seek to suck his blood !  
 Day, night, and hower, they rebell, and wrastle, and  
 And never cease, till they subdue the Castle, O

How slight a thing is man ? how frail and brittle ?  
 How seeming great is he ? how truly little ?  
 VWithin the bosome of his holiest works,  
 Some hidden Embers of old Adam lurks,  
 VWhich oftentimes in men of purest wayes,  
 Burst out in flame, and for a season blaze.

Lord, each our hearts and give our souls directions,  
 Subdue our passions, curb our stout affections ;  
 Nip thou the bud before the bloom begin :  
 Lord, shield thy servants from presumptuous sins,

## A Boath for Warreants

### THE AGREEMENT.

A Boath for specke Jonah made;  
God sent a Gourd for better shade;  
But by the next approaching light,  
God sent a Worme consuming it quite.

### Seller.

So Jonah (fere opprest and heavy-hearted)  
From out the Cities circuit straight departed;  
Departed to the Eastern borders of it,  
Wher sick with anguish farr this sullen Prophete  
He built a Booth, and in the Booth he sates  
(Untill some few dayes had spir'd thair dñe  
Wishnowe-tidious pace) where he might see  
What would befall the threatened Ninevah.

A trunk that wanted sap, is soon decay'd;  
The slender booth of boughs and branches nader  
Soon yielding to the Sunis consuming Ray,  
Crusht to dust and easly dry'd away;  
Wherat the great Jethovah spake the words,  
And over Jonah's head there spring a Gourd;  
Whose roots were fast within the quickning earth,  
Which gave it nourishment, as well as birth.  
God raised up a Gourd; a Gourd should last  
Let wind, or scorching Sun, or blow, or blast  
As coals of fire mak'd up in embers, lie  
Obscure, and undiffered by the eye;  
But being stirs'd, regale a glimmering lights  
Revive, and glow, burning afarri, and bright.  
So Jonah gan to chear through this reliefs,  
And joyful was, devoide all his griefe,

17. *The Psalm of David*

How joyful is that God in us, who abhors  
The drossing sense, and forsooth the joy's abiding,  
The joy'ds, in him the God abiding were abhord'd.  
Perwile the people here, when still you sit alone,  
The fresh effect of time, and all its flocks and flocks of Time,  
The herial favour given, you did abhorred. *Abhorred*?  
Thus *you* much delighted, when you did abhorred.  
Enjoy'd the plenities that you did abhorred from now.  
But, Lord! what earthly things doth long remain?  
How momentary are they! and how vain the world?  
How vain is earth; that man's delight is only ev'rywhere,  
Her pleasure's rife, and vanity in a misty view, right now.  
How fleeting are the joys we find below; alas! who knoweth  
Whose tide's uncertain? of the world, and flesh, and bone,  
For see I this Gound (shut up in prison) consumed by Time,  
Quite consum'd and cast to the ground. *By Time*? and Time  
Is softer than the hand, and more than flesh and bone; and Time  
From off the pillars of the world doth hold his way by Time,  
The heav'n prepared for him. *Time* is the world's merchant,  
Merchandise brought to the world, and sold to the world.  
The worm that eateth, and the worm that gnaweth,  
Consum'd the world, and the world consumed by Time,  
Consum'd the world, and the world consumed by Time,  
Not nought but Time.

The pleasures of the world (which sometimes

### **Architectural Embroidery**

Which (like a Banjo or a Tin-Top Show) 211

2000-2002  
2003-2005  
2006-2008  
2009-2011  
2012-2014  
2015-2017  
2018-2020

תְּמִימָנָה וְעַמְמָנָה וְעַמְמָנָה וְעַמְמָנָה וְעַמְמָנָה

For more information about the study, contact Dr. Michael J. Hwang at (319) 356-4550 or email at [mhwang@uiowa.edu](mailto:mhwang@uiowa.edu).

Pleasure doestown thy youth, and hubb thy thine,  
But (sullen age approaching) straight away to b'le

Mak's life enjoy, and sorrow seek to banish, b'le  
It doth lament and mourn' images, and vanisht abewly,

The time of pleasure's like the life of man; it is  
Both joyful, both contained in a span; and lasteth but  
Both highly pleas'd, and both so sudden lost; b'le  
When most we trusst them, they deceiveth us most; b'le  
Whom of greatest malice did love them thus? b'le  
We leave our dyes, and pleasure leaves us; b'le  
Why, what is pleasure? a blurr gold in dreams; b'le  
Which (waking) makes but mirth the more kindest; b'le  
And what is life? A bubble full of care, ymposseit w'le  
Which (prickt by death) straight empes into yte; b'le  
The flowers (clad in fair manerlich array) die; b'le  
Then c'r was Solomon; he sene decaye, mulcōt c'rip; b'le  
What thing were sweetnesse faire; than a flowerode? b'le  
And yet it bloom'd and faulnith in an houre; No more; b'le  
What greater pleasure than a rising Sun; die n'ved w'le  
Yet iudic' pleasure by any of these; doone; b'le  
But thou art heir to Earth, and thy herit shew; b'le  
Being great and credite, mak'st id thy pleasure subtill; b'le  
But thou (about to saye his), considerest not; b'le  
Thy wealth (and thous cap'c) frownd goes ag'ndul; b'le  
Another's noble, and his name is great;

And takes his place upon a lofty seat; b'le  
True 'tis, but yet his many wantys are such,  
That better 'twere he were not known so much; b'le  
Another bindes his soul in hymurknots; b'le  
His Spouse is chaste, embelisht with a shox; b'le  
But yet his comfort is dedilsh, and donke; b'le  
His grounds are stocke, and now he wantys few; b'le

How fickle and unconstant! Maye cestate; b'le  
Man fain would have, but then he knows not what; b'le  
And having rightly knowne not how to prize it; b'le  
But like the antedil. Dunghill-Cock, imployes in; b'le

A. F. M. T. THE THIRD.

But who desires to live a life contented, to enjoy his own  
Wherein his Cruse of Joy will ne'er be spent, variabili  
With fierce pursuit let him that good desires, hinc  
Whose date no change, no fortune can expell, hinc  
For that's not worth the chusing to obtain, 1502-1512  
A happiness that must be no gain, 1512-1522  
Nor that, which most doth most annoy, is better, hinc  
Best are the goods, think with contented rest, 1522-1532  
Gasp not for honour, with no blazing glory, hinc  
For these will perish in an ages story, 1532-1542  
Nor yet for power, power may be car'd, 1542-1552  
To fools, as well as thee, that haft deserv'd, 1552-1562  
Thirst nor for Lands nor money; wish for none, 1562-1572  
For wealth is neither lasting, nor our own, 1572-1582  
Riches are fair enticements to deceive us, 1582-1592  
They flattery while we live, and dyings leave us,

(newer mot. etc.)

A. R. C. M. T. THE A. R. C. M. T.

Tomat desirest to dye, Obe Lord, 1502-1512  
et meum Regnum, Be myne, 1512-1522  
His anger be, dñe iustice, 1522-1532  
God pleads the cause for Ministris, 1532-1542

St. 13.

VV Mon ruddy Phoenix had with morning bale,  
Subdu'l the East, and put the stars to flight,  
Heav'n's hand prepar'd a fervent Eastern wind,  
Whose drought together with the Sun combyn'd,  
The one exhalions blowing to others fire,  
With fierce-united force did both conspire  
To make affre upon the fainting hemisph're,  
Of helpless greeks that were well-nigh drivn,

Who turning oft, and tossing to and fro,  
 (As they that are in tormentus us to do) And his ad  
 And (restlesse) finding no successe of easen, But rather that his tortures still increase; His secret passion to his soul betrayd,  
 Craving no sweeter boord than death, and said,  
 'O kill me (Lord) or let my heart will live,  
 'For better 'tis for me to dye, than live.'

So said, the Lord did intercept his passion, And said, 'How now, is this a solemly fashion? Dost it become my servants heart so well to say,  
 'Can anger helpe thee? Jonah, dost thou well? Is this a fit speech? or a well-plac'd word? What art thou angry (Jonah) for a Gourd? What if th' Arabians with their ruder trains,  
 Had kill'd thine Oxen, and thy Cattel slain? What if consuming fire (fain from heaven)  
 Had all thy servants of their life bereaven?  
 And burnt thy sheep? What if by strong oppression  
 The Chaldees Had usurp'd unjust possession  
 Upon thy Camels? Or had Bores blowne  
 His full-mouth'd blast and cast thy Housell downe,  
 And slain thy sons amid their jollities?  
 Or hadst thou lost thy Vinyard full of trees?  
 Hadst thou been ravish'd of thine only sheep,  
 That in thy tender bosom us'd to sleep?  
 How would thy hasty spirit then been stirr'd.  
 If thou art angry, Jonah for a Gourd To which thus Jonah vent his idle brenches  
 'Lord I do well to vex unto the death;  
 I blusht not to acknowledge and profess  
 Deserved rage, I'm angry, I confess:  
 I would make a spirit that is thorow frenches  
 To blaze like flaming pitch, and fry like Rozen:  
 Why dost thou ask that thing that thou canst tell?  
 Thou know'st I'm angry, and is before me well.'

So said the Lord to ~~Jacob~~ thus respeake:  
Dost thou bemoan and such compassion take  
Upon a Gourd; whose soul thou didst not save,  
Nor move thy busie hands to make it grow:  
Whose beauty small, and value was but slight,  
Which sprang as also perisht in a night?  
Hadst thou (O dust and ashes) such a care,  
Such in-bred pay a trifling plant to spare?  
Hadst thou (O hard and incompassionate,)  
To wish the razing of so brave a State?  
Hadst thou (I say) compassion to bewail  
The extirpation of a Gourd so frail?  
And shall not I (that am the Lord of Lords)  
Whose Fountain's never dry, but still afford  
Sweet streams of mercy, with a fresh supply,  
To those that thirst for grace: What shall not I  
That am the God of mercy, and have sworn  
To pardon sinnes whensoe'er they were?  
(I say) shall I disclaim my wonted pity,  
And bring to ruine such a goodly City,  
Whose hearts (so truly penitent) implore me,  
Who day and night pour forth their souls before me?  
Shall I destroy the mighty *Nazareth*,  
Whose people are like fishes about the Sea?  
Mong which are fiftscore thousand Babes (at least)  
That hang upon their tender Mothers breasts,  
Whose pretty smiles could never yet defay  
The dear affection of their mothers ey's?  
Shall I subvert, and bring to desolation  
A City (nay, more aptly term'd, a Nation)  
Whose walls boast less their beauty than their might,  
Whose hearts are sorrowful, and souls conayre?  
Whose Infants are in number so amounging?  
And besides, and cannot endite, without naming?  
What, Jacob, shall a Gourd so move thy pity?  
And shall not I spare such a goodly City?

A Ballad for Musicians

Meditatio ultima.

**M**y heart is full, my voice is gone too. This is for W  
My tongue's too trifly to my poor conceit; W  
My mind's in labour, and finds no redress; W  
My heart conceives, my lips cannot express; W  
My Organs suffer through a main defect; W  
Alas ! I want a proper Dialect; W  
To blazon forth the rish of what I muse; W  
The more I meditate, the more accreys perdition; W  
But lo, my faulting tongue must say no more, it bodes; W  
Unless she step where she hath trod before. I stood; W  
What ? shall I then be silent ? No, lie speak; W  
(Till tongue be tired, and my lungs be weak); W  
Of dearest Mercy, in as sweet a straine; W  
As it should please my Muse to lend a vain groan; W  
And when my voice shall stop within her shuns; W  
And speech shall faulter in this high discourse; W  
My tyred tongue (unsham'd) shall thus exord; W  
Only to name Dear Mercy; and so end.

O high Imperial King, heavens Architect; I stand; W  
Is Man a thing befitting thy respect? W  
Lord, thou art Wisdom, and thy wayes are holyness; W  
But Man's polluted, full of sinnes, and folly gat; W  
Yet is he (Lord) the fabrick of thy hand; W  
And in his Soul he bears thy glorious brand; W  
Howe'er defaced with the rust of sin; W  
Which hath abusid thy stamp, and oaten imp; A  
'Tis not the frailty of Mens corruptible nature; W  
Maketh thee ashamed to acknowledge man thy creature; W  
But like a tender Father here on earth, and in storey; W  
(Whose child by nature, or abortive birth, standeth; W  
Doth wan; that sweet and favourable solace; W  
Wherewith her creatures Nature doth inhabite; W  
Ralph.

## A Feast for Men.

Respects him ne'retheless, even for the sake of his soul ;  
(Great God excludeth Man;) though that before her  
The glorious pourtraiture that man doth beholde.  
Whereby he loath'd, and ugly doth appear,) (10) 2. 21.  
Yet thou (within whose tender bowels and no stirs,) A  
Deep gulfs of Mercy, frown beyond compare,) (11) 2. 22.  
Regard'st, and lov'st (with av'rence he is fact,) (12) A  
Nay seem'st to dote on Man ; when he hath sunkles.  
Lord, thou hast brought him to his fold again ; (13) A  
When he was lost, thou didst not then dilate, that a  
To think upon a vagabond, and give. (14) 2. 23.  
Thy dearest Son to dyes that we might live, by him. (15)  
How poor a mite art thoue content withall, (16) 2. 24.  
That man mighescape his downe approaching fall ?  
Though base we are, yet thou dost not abhor us,  
But (as our Story speaks) art pleading for us,  
To save us harmless from our Fo-mans jaws ;  
Art thou turn'd Orator to pleadour cause ?

How are thy mercies full of admiration !  
How sovereign ! how sweet's their application !  
Fataing the Soul with sweetnes, and repairing  
The rotten ruines of a Soul despairing.

Lo here (Malido) is a Feast prepar'd,  
Fall to with courage, and let nought be said ;  
Taste freely of it, Here's no Milers Feast ;  
Eat what thou canst, and pocket up the rest ;  
These precious Viands are Kelvoraties,  
Eat then ; and if the sweetnes make thee drie,  
Drink large Carbasses out of mercies Chrysops ;  
The best lies in the bottom, Drink all up ;  
These Cates are sweet Ambrosias to thy Soule,  
And that which fills the brim of mercies bowles,  
It's dainty Nectar ; eat and drink thy fill ;  
Spare not the one, nor yet the other spile ;  
Provide in time : Thy banqueting begins,  
Lay up in store against the Feast be done.

For lo, the time of banqueting is short, —  
And once being done, the world cannot reform : —  
It is a Feast of Mercy, and of Grace : —  
It is a Feast for all, or high, or base : —  
A feast for him that begs upon the way,  
As well for him that does the Scepter sway ; —  
A feast for him that hourly bemoans  
His dearest sins, with sighs, and tears, and groans ; —  
A feast for him whose gentle heart reforms ; —  
A feast for Men ; and so a *Feast for Worms*.

• Dear liefest Lord, that feast'st the world with grace : —  
• Extend thy bounteous hand, thy glorious face : —  
• Bid joyful welcom to thy hungry guest, —  
• That we may praise the Master of the Feast ; —  
• And in thy mercy grant this boon to me,  
• That I may die to sin, and live to thee.

**S. A M B R O S I.**

*S. A M B R O S I.*

*Misericordia est plenitudo omnium virtutum.*

## The general use of this History.

**W**HEN as the ancient World did all imbark,  
Within the compass of good Noah's Ark,  
Forth to the new-wash'd earth a Dove was sent,  
Who in her mouth return'd an Olive plant,  
Which in a silent language this related,  
How that the waters were at length abated.  
Those swelling waters is the wrath of God,  
And like the Dove, are Prophets sent abroad ;

The Olive-leaf's a joyful type of peace,

A faithful sign God's vengeance doth descend upon us;

They save the wounded hearts, and make them happy;

They bring glad tidings to the drooping soul,

Proclaiming grace to them that thirst for greater,

Mercy to those that Mercy will embrace.

Malice, thou in whose distrustful brest,

Despair hath brought in sick to build her nest,

Where she may safely lodge her hucklebs brood,

To feed upon thy heart, and suck thy blood,

Beware betimes, lest custom and permission

Prescribe a rule, and so claim possession.

Despairing man, whose burthen makes thee stoop

Under the terror of thy sins, and drop

Through dull despair, whose too too fallen priest

Makes her unable to apply relief,

Whose ears are dull'd with noise of whips and chains,

And yeis of damned souls, through tort'red pains;

Come here and rouze thyself, unseal those eyes,

Which sad Despair clos'd up; Arise, Arise,

And go to Nineveh the world's great Palace,

Earths mighty wonder, and behold the Babylon;

And burthen of her bulk, is nought but sin,

Which (wilful) she commits and wallows in;

Behold her Images, her fornications,

Her crying sins, her vile abominations;

Behold the guiltless blood that she did spill

Like Spring-tides in the streets and reckling gullies;

Behold her scorching lusts and taint desire

Like sulph'rous smoke, blaze, and bleed upon her;

She rapes and rends and cleave and there is none

Can justly call the thing he hath his own;

That sacred Name of G O D that Nineveh would

Instead of worshipping the lesser in flocks;

She's not inthrall'd to this sin of mankind,

But like a Besper's all infected over;

Nor only sinful, but in sins subjection; insatiable  
She's not infected, but a mere infection, and tortured.

No sooner had she Prophet (Heav'n's great Spy)  
Begun an ouster to his pow'r; Crying her grace given  
But she repented, sigh'd, and wept, and moan'd  
Her curious hair, and garments that she wore;  
She sat in ashes, and with sackcloth clad her,  
All dreight in briars, that grief cannot be suffer'd;  
She calls a fast, proclaims a prohibition  
To man and beast (sad tokens of contrition.)

No sooner pray'd, but bound; No sooner groan'd,  
But pitied; No sooner griev'd, but mourn'd;  
Timely remorse speedy grace procur'd,  
The sore that's salv'd in time is easily cur'd;  
No sooner had her trickling tears ore-flow'd,  
Her blubber'd cheeks, but Heav'n was apt to move  
Her pensive heart, wip'd her suffused eyes,  
And gently strok'd her cheeks, and bid her rise;  
No faults were seen, as if no fault had been,  
Dear Mercy made a Quittance for her sin.

Misfits, rouse thy latent spirits bestrakee;  
Hold up thy droamy heads here's comfort for thee;  
What if thy zeal be frozen hard? what then?  
Thy Saviour's blood will draw thy frost agen';  
Thy pray'rs, that should be servour, hot as fire,  
Proceed but coldly from a dull desire;  
What then? Grin'e, only, but do not dismay,  
Whate'er thy pray'rs will give thee strength to pray:  
Though left a while, shun not noe quire giv'not,  
Where sin abounds, there Grace abounds almost.  
This, this is all the good that I can do thine,  
To ease thy grief; I here committed unto thee,  
A little book, whose great mysterye shal be best fer'd  
A great delight, a little Historye, shal now to be shew'd  
A little branch pluckt from a saving tree, whereto  
Bearing fruit as grows, at such nights as

## The general effect of Repentance.

A small abridgement of the former chapter followeth,  
A message sent from Heaven by a Dove, with a command  
It is a heavenly Lesson which containeth much good counseil  
To Princes, Peasants, Peoples, and Estates; 10. Chap. 1. O  
Their sev'ral Duties. A lesson sent by Angels to Earth  
Proue it well; and bosome to thy brether when thou art ill.  
There resteth the cause of thy defect of health.  
But read it often, or else read it not,  
Once read is not often read, and soon forgot:  
Nor is't enough to read, but understand,  
Or else thy tongue for want of wic's profound.  
Nor is't enough to purchase knowledge by reading  
Salve healeth no sore, unless the party apply his salve.  
Apply it then, which if thy sick retaine,  
Strive what thou canst and pray for what remaineth.

## The particular Application of chapt. 10. v. 11. &c.

**T**HOU then that art opprest with sad despair,  
Here shalt thou see the strong effect of pray'r:  
Then pray with faith, and ( fervent ) without ceasing;  
( Like Jacob ) wrestle, till thou get a blessing.  
Here shalt thou see the type of Christ, thy Saviour;  
Then let thy suers be through his name, and favour.  
Here shalt thou find repentance, and true grief,  
Of sinners like thy self, and their belief;  
Then suit thy grief to theirs, and let thy soul  
Cry mightily, until her wounds be whole.  
Here shalt thou see the meekness of thy God,  
Who on Repentance turns, and burns the Rod;  
Repents of what he purpos'd, and is sorry;  
Here may he hear him stoutly pleading for ye:  
Then thus shall be thy meed, if thou repents,  
Instead of plagues and direful punishment,  
Thou shalt find mercy, love, and Heav'nly applause;  
And God of hest'a himself will plead thy cause.

*The general intent of this Hymn.*

Here haſt thou then compild within this meſſage,  
First the Almighty's high and iust displeaſure  
Againſt foul ſins, and ſuch as fiſhful be,  
Or Prince, or poor, or high, too low degre.

Here is defcry'd the beaten Roade to Faſhion:  
Here maſt thou ſee the force that preaching hath;  
Here is deſcrib'd in briſe, but full expreſſion,  
The nature of a Converte, and his paſſion:  
His sober dyer, which is thin and ſpare:  
His cloaſhing, which is Backclothe; and his prayr  
Not faintly ſent to heaſons, nor sparingly,  
But piercing, fervent, and a mighty cry:

Here maſt thou ſee how prayr and true repenſance  
Do ſtrive with God, prevail, and turn his ſentence  
From stroake to stroaking, and from plagues infernal  
To boundleſs Mercies, and to life Eternal.

Till Zephyr lend my Bark a ſecond Gale,  
I ſlip mine Anchor, and I ſtrike my Sail.

*F. N. I. S.*  
dicitur Salutatione Mundi: ultima verba que in die  
in Cruci, fuit ultima mea verba in Luce; &  
quando dominus offerebat non possum, exaudi tu corpus  
meum desiderium.

## A HYMN to GOD, written by

**W**ho giv' me then an Adamantine quill,  
 A marble tablet, and a David's shield,  
 To blazon forth the praise of my dear Lord,  
 In deep grav'n Charaffra upon record,  
 To last, for times eternal; meek, fine,  
 So long as Sun, and Moon, and Stars indistinct,  
 Had I as many mouths, as sands there are,  
 Had I a nimble tongue for every star,  
 And every word I speak a Character,  
 And every minutes time ten ages were,  
 To chaunt forth all thy praise, it were avail less in this,  
 For tongues, and words, and time, and all would fail,  
 Much less can I, poor weakling, tune any hosanna,  
 To take a task befits not Angels song,  
 Sing what thou canst, when thou canst sing nowise,  
 Weep when as fast, that thou canst sing no more,  
 Bedblurr thy book with tears, and go thy wheresoever,  
 For every blurr will profit a Book of praise,  
 Thine eye that vieweth the morning Spherae above,  
 Let it give praise to him that makes them move,  
 Thou richer hast thy hands that hold, and have them,  
 Let them give praise to him that freely gave them,  
 Thine arms defend thee, then for recompence,  
 Let them praise him that gave thee such defence,  
 Thy tongue was given to praise thy Lord, the Oliver,  
 Then les thy tongue praise highest God for ever,  
 Faith comes by hearing, and thy faith will save thee,  
 Then let thine ears praise him that bearing gave thee,  
 Thy heart is begg'd by him whose hands did make us  
 My Son, give me thy heart, Lord, freely take it,  
 Eyes, hands, and arms, tongues, ears, and hearts of men  
 Sing praise, and let the people say, Amen.

Tune you your Instruments, and let them vary,  
 Praise him upon them in his Sanctuary :  
 Praise him within the highest Firmament,  
 Which shews his Power, and his Government :  
 Praise him, for all his mighty acts are knowning ;  
 And suit thy praises to his high Reigning :  
 Praise him with Trump, victor long, shrill, and shrilly,  
 With Psaltry loud, and many stringed Harps ;  
 With sounding Tambrel, and the warbling Flute ;  
 With (Musick) full Interpreter, the Lute :  
 Praise him upon the Maiden Virginalt, name it not ;  
 Upon the Clerick Organs, and Cymbals, jing & jang ;  
 Upon the sweet Majestick Viol, sound,  
 Double your joyes, and let your praise be such ;  
 Let all, in whom is life and breath, give praises unto  
 Thine eternall God, in endless dayes :  
 Let every soul to whom a joyce is given, sing ;  
 Sing holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Heavens ;  
 For lo, and behold, sounds that understand  
 To break the stony hold, and ope the **D**-**O**-**D**.

O let my life add number to thy dayes,  
 To shew thy glory, and to sing thy praises ;  
 Let every tongue in thy praise be stony ;  
 Let every hand be bare, and knowe be bone ;  
 To thee I didst call ; Who art thy praises ?  
 Clothe me with thy, and conoure for ever, by thy most

**Gloria D E O in excelsis**

# Eleven Pious Meditations.

**W**ithin the holy Legend I discover  
Three special Attributes of God; ~~the three~~  
His Justice, and his Mercy; all uncreated;  
Eternal all, and all unseparated.  
From Gods pure essence, and from thence procreated,  
All very God, All perfect, All exceeding:  
And from that self-same text three names I gather,  
Of great Jchovah; Lord, and God, and Father;  
The first denotes him mounted on his Throne,  
In Power, Majesty, Dominion;  
The second, theg him on his Kingly Bench,  
Rewarding Evil with equal punishment;  
The third, sets him on his Mercy seat,  
Full great in Grace; and in his Mercy, great;  
All three I worship, and before all three;  
My heart shall humbly prostrate, with my knees;  
But in my private choice, I fancy rather,  
Then call him Lord, or God, so call him Father.

**I**n Hell no Life, in heaven no Death there is;

In earth both Life and Death, both Male and Female.

In heaven's all Life, no end, nor new supplying ;  
In hell's all Death, and yet there is no dying :  
Earth (like a partial Ambidexter) doth  
Prepare for Death, or Life, prepares for both :  
Who lives to sin, in hell his portion's given ;  
Who dies to sin, shall after live in heaven.

Though Earth my Nurse be, heaven be thou my Fa-  
ther, Ten thousand deaths let me endure rather (157)  
Within my Nurse's arms, than One to Thee ;  
Earth's honour with thy frowns is death to me :  
I live on Earth, as on a Stage of sorrow ;  
Lord, if thou pleaseit, end the Play to morrow :  
I live on Earth, as in a Dream of pleasure,  
Awake me when thou wilt, I wait thy leisure :  
I live on Earth, but as of life bereaven,  
My life's with thee for (Lord) thou art in Heaven.

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Nothing that e'er was made, was made for nothing ;  
Beasts for thy food, their skins were for thy cloath-  
Flowers for thy smell, and Herbs for cure good ; (158)  
Trees for thy shade, their Fruit for pleasant food.  
The showers fall upon the fruitful ground,  
Whose kindly Dew maketh tender Grass abound ;  
The Grass springs forth for beasts to feed upon,  
And Beasts are food for Man ; but Man alone  
Is made to serve his Lord in all his ways,  
And be the Trumpet of his Makers praise.

Let Heav'n be then to me obdure as brass,  
The Earth as iron, unsay for grain or grass,  
Then let my Fleas consume, and never sted me,  
Let pinching Famine want wherewith to feed me,  
When I forget to honour thee, (my Lord) (159)  
Thy glorious attributes, thy Works, thy Word.



Withdrawn the Will, and brib'd the false affections,  
That This, no order hath; nor That, Election subdues;  
The Will proves Trayter to the Understanding;  
Kynson hath lost her power, and left commanding;  
She's quite depos'd, and put to foul disgrace,  
And Tyrant Passion now usurps her place.

Vouchsafe (Lord) in this little world of mine  
To reign, that I may reign with Thee in thine; And since my Will is quite of good behaviour,  
*Thy will be done in earth, as 'tis in heaven;* thy bely  
gadot mea regni bona in propria) Reas

*W*ho live to sin, are all but *theives to heaven* & *Earth*;  
And Earth; They steal from God, and take away  
Good men they rob, and such as live upright, is given;  
And (being bastards) share the Freeman Right; & *they*  
They're all as owners, in the owners stead, & *rob to*  
And (like to Dogs) devour the childrens bread; & *gold*  
They have, and lack, and want that they possess; & *O*  
Unhappy most, in their most happiness; & *at last*  
They are not goods, but richer, than they waste; & *abu*  
And not be'ng goods, to ev'rs they turn at last, & *at last*  
(Lord) what I have, let me enjoy in thee,

And *thee* in it, or else take it from me;  
My store or want, make thou, or fade, or flourish,  
So shall my comforts neither change, nor perish;  
That little I enjoy, (Lord) make infinite, & *A N A M*  
In making me (that am a Sinner) thine; & *H*  
Tis thou or none that shall supply my need, & *eris*  
Great God, *Give me this day my daily bread.* & *thine*

**T**He quick conceited School-men do approve,  
A difference 'twixt *Charity* and *Love*;

*Love* is a virtue, whereby we explain

Our selves to God, and God to us again;

But *Charity* is imparted to our Brother,

Whereby we traffick, one man with another;

The first extends to God; the last belongs

To Man, in giving right, and bearing wrong;

In number they are *twin*s; In virtue *one*,

For one not truly being, t' other none.

In loving God, if I neglect my *Mother*,

My love hath lost his proof, and I my labour,

My Zeal, my *Faith*, my *Hope*, that never fails me,

(If *Charity* be wanting) nought avails me.

(Lord) in my soul, a Spirit of *Love* create me,

And I will love my Brother, if he hate me;

In nought but *love*, let me envy my betters;

And then, *Forgive my debts, as I my debtors*.

**I** Find a true resemblance in the growth  
Of *Sin* and *Man*; Alike in breeding, both;  
The *Soul's* the *Mother*; and the *Devil*, *Sper*;  
Who lusting long in mutual desire,  
Enjoy their *Wills*, and joyn in *Copulation*;  
The *Seed* that fills her *womb*, is foul *Temperation*;  
The *Sins Conception*, is the *Souls consent*;  
And then it *quickeas*, when it breeds *consent*;  
The birth of *Sin* is finisht in the *action*,  
And *Gullion* brings it to its full *perfection*.

178  
O let my fruitleſſe Soul be barren rather,  
Than bring forth ſuch a Child for ſuch a Father ;  
Or if my Soul breed Sin (not being wary)  
Let not her womb bring forth, or else miſcarry ;  
She is thy Spouse (O Lord) do thou advise her,  
Keep thou her chaste ; Let not the Fiend entice her ;  
Try thou my heart, Thy Tryals bring Salvation,  
But let me not be led into Temptation.

**F**ortune (that blind Suppoſed Goddess) is  
Still rated at, it ought ſucceed amiss ;  
Tis ſhe (the vain apotropaie of Providence),  
That bears the blame, when others make the offence ;  
When this man's bane finds not her wanted bore,  
Fortune's condemn'd, because ſhe ſent no more ;  
If this man dye, or that man live too long,  
Fortune's accus'd, and ſhe hath done the wrong ;  
Ah foolish Dots, and / like your Goddess, blind !  
You make the fault, and call your Saint unkind ;  
For when the cause of Ev'l begins in Man,  
Th' effect enſues from whence the cause began ;  
Then know the reason of thy discontent,  
Thy ev'l of ſin, makes the ev'l of punishment.  
(Lord) hold me up, or spur me when I fall ;  
So ſhall my Ev'l be just, or not at all ;  
Defend me from the World, the Fleſh, the Devils,  
And ſo thou ſhalt deliver me from evil.

**T**He Princeley skirts of Aaron's holy coate  
I kiff, and to my morning Musick ſervote.

had never King in any Age, or Nation,  
Such glorious Kydes, set forth in such a fashion,  
With Gold and Gemmes, and Sights of Princely Dye,  
And jewels besetting more than Maydy :  
The Persian Sophies, and rich Shebe's Queen  
Had ne'r the like, nor e'r the like had seen :  
Upon those biers (in order as they fell)  
First came the Mat was, and then a Bell ;  
By each side her Mat stood Bellringers :  
Many Pomegranates, many Bells were there :  
Pomegranates nourish, & do make sound,  
As blessings fall, Thanksgiving must rebound.

If thou wilt clothe my heart with Aarons tire,  
My tongue shall praise, as well as heart desire,  
My tongue, and pen shall dwell upon thy Name,  
(Great God) for thine ~~of~~ Kingdom, Power, Glory.

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I E.

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The ancient Sophists, that were so precise,  
(And oftentimes (perchance) too curious wise,)  
Averre, that Nature hath bestow'd on Man,  
Three perfect souls : When this I truly scan,  
Me thinks their Learning swatb'd in Error lies ;  
They were not wise enough, and yet too wise ;  
Too curious wise ; because they mention more  
Than one ; Not wise enough, because not fear'd ;  
Nature, nor Grace, is Mistris of their Schools ;  
Grace counteth them wiser, that are veriest Fools :  
Three Souls in man, Grace doth a fourth allow,  
The Soul of Faith : But this is Greek to you.  
'Tis Faith that makes man truly wise : 'Tis Faith  
Makes him possesse that thing he never hath.

This Glorious Soul of Faith bestow on us thy  
 (O Lord) or else take thou the other three :  
 Faith makes men less than Children, more than Men.  
 It makes the Soul cry *Ahia*, and *Amen*.

*Pray for me O Lord my God*

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The *Lord's Prayer*

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